No. 806
Friday
6 Nov. '92

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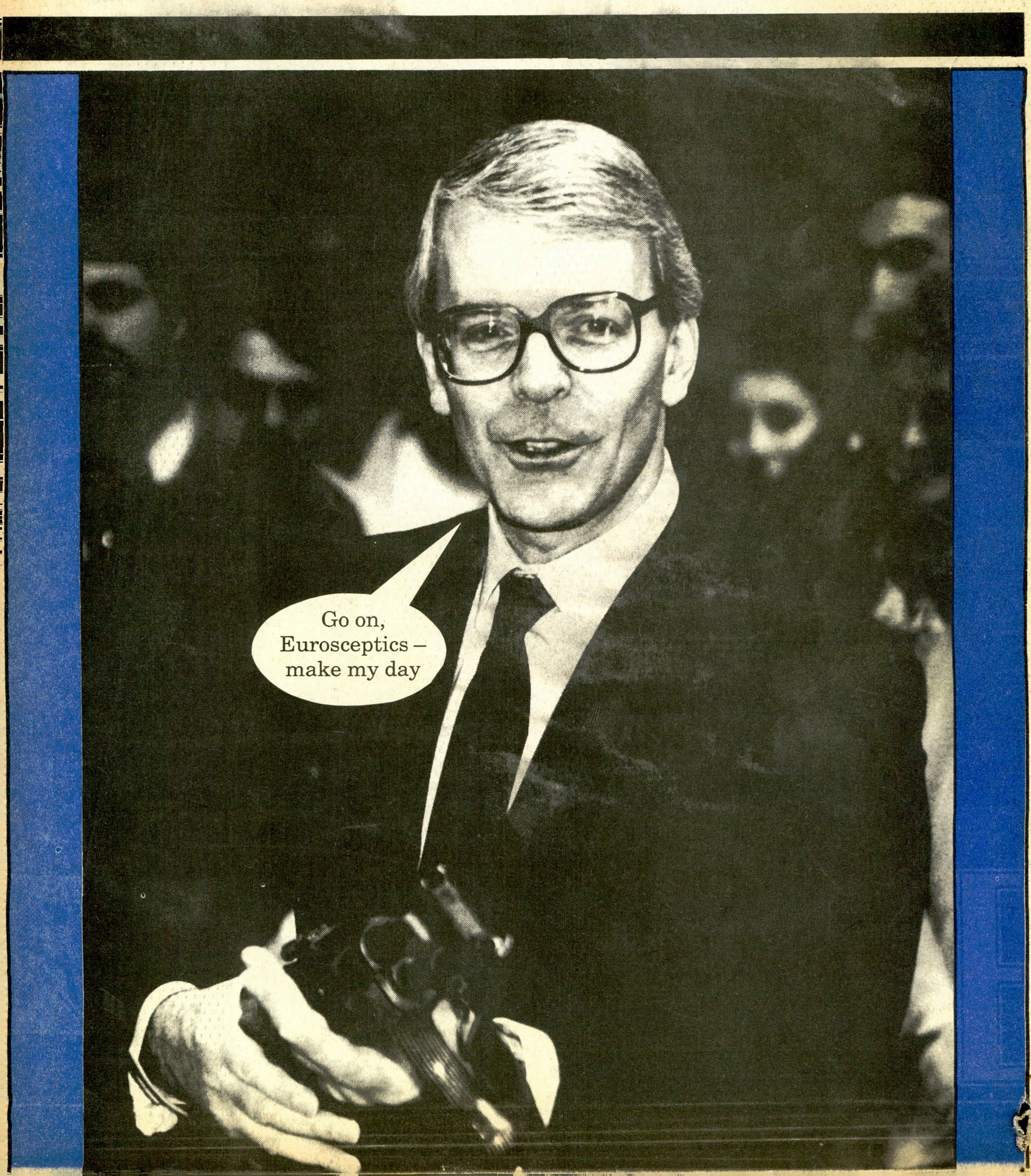

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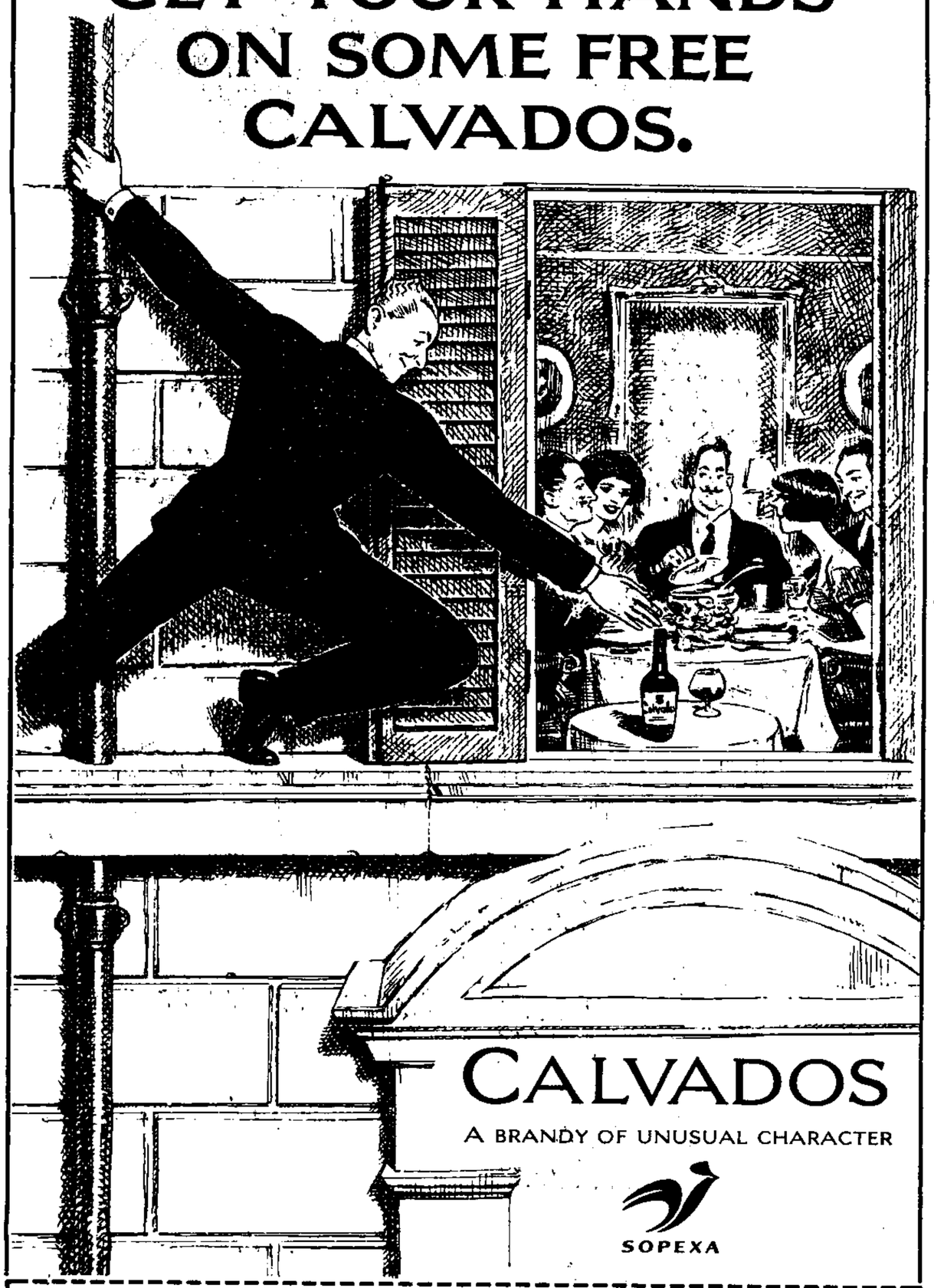

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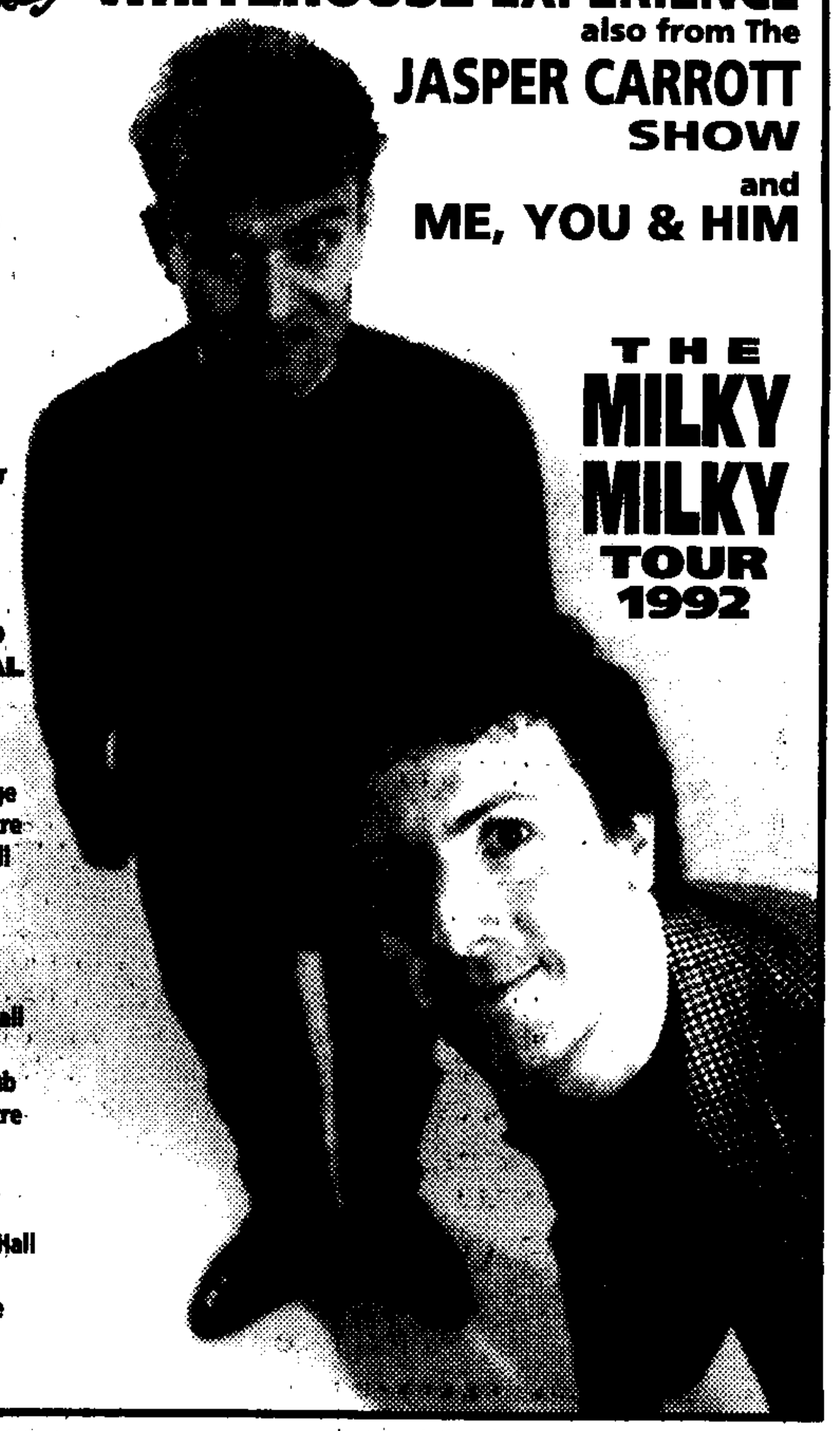

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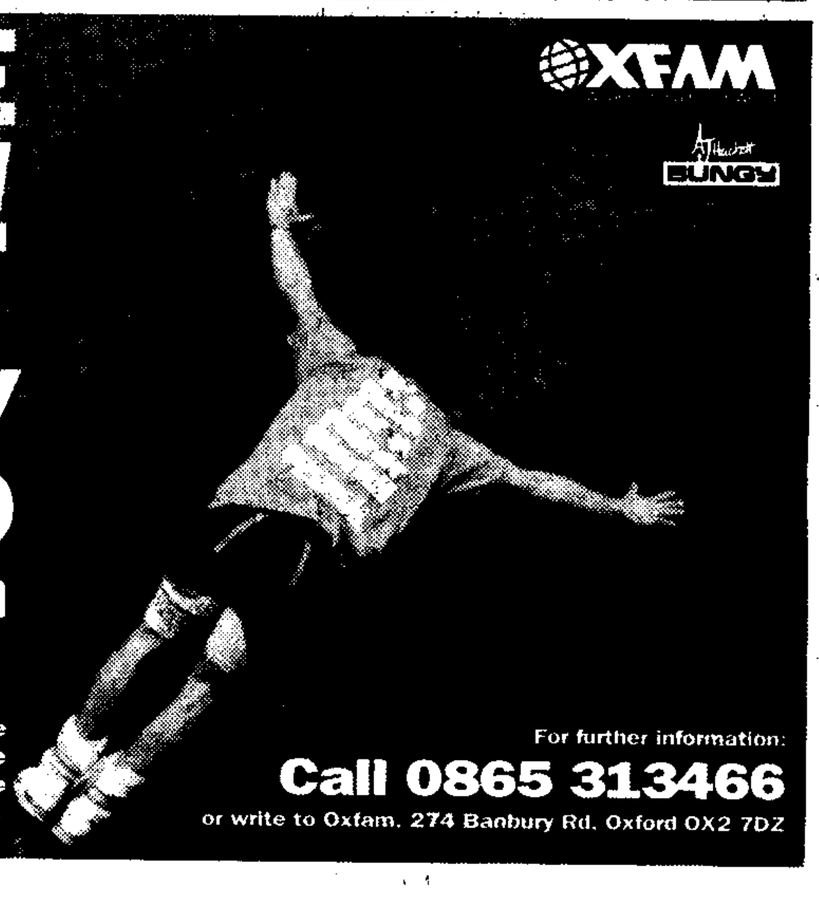

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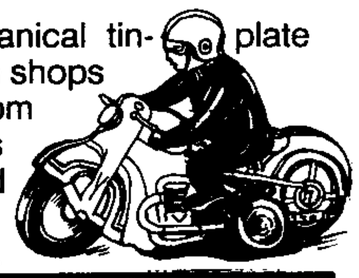

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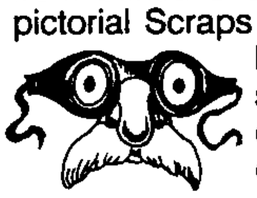

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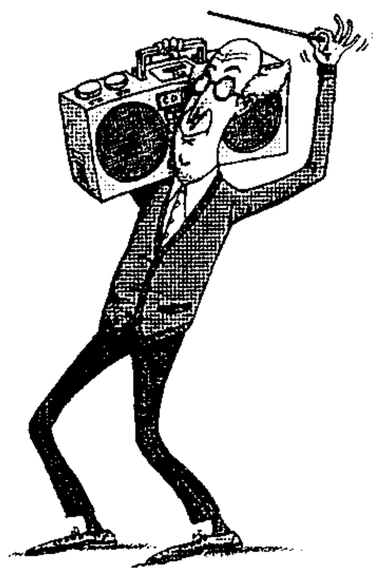
Richard Ingrams, the Editor of The Oldie is bringing out his Christmas gift mail order catalogue in next week's edition of The Oldie.



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THE JAPANESE YEN for *the best of the best* led Mr Matsuda to pay a world record price of £6,375 for a 60 year old The Macallan Malt Whisky at Christie's last November.

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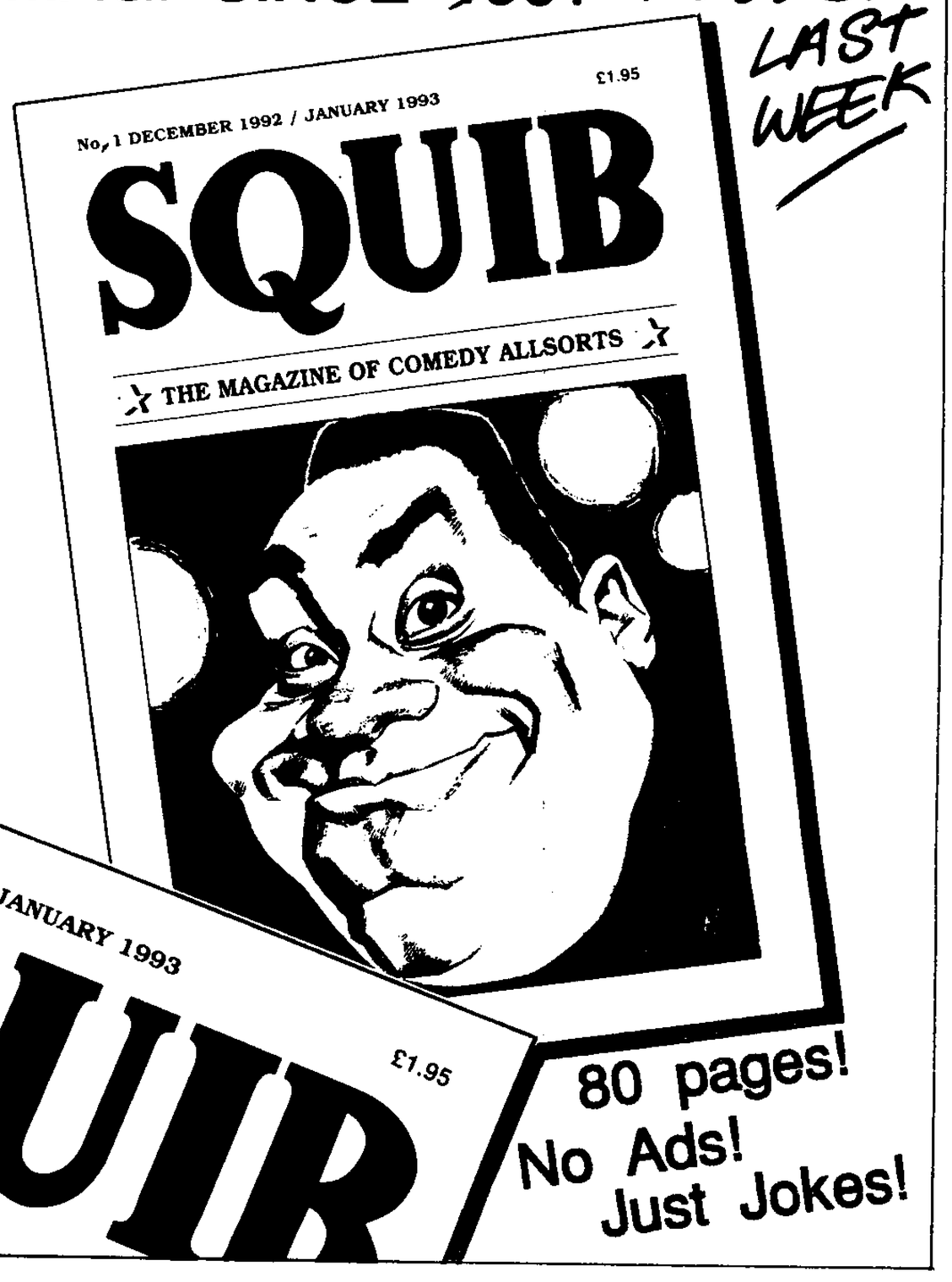

80 pages!
No Ads!
Just Jokes!

Gnome

A REPORT published by the Institute of Management and British Gnome Stores makes disturbing reading. It concludes that male employers are preventing women gaining posts in senior management and are operating what amounts to an old boys' network.

The women's comments about the situation published in the report are very distressing indeed. They claim that women who wish to climb the job ladder are seen as a threat to the men who are their bosses — and have their careers stopped by sheer sexism.

As a large employer and as a member of the male sex I find the IOM/BGS conclusions particularly shocking.

The idea that the women in my workforce are unfulfilled, unhappy, resentful, bitter and eager to complain about the way that the company is run is a personal challenge.

After studying the report I have decided on instant action. All women working for BGS will be fired at once.

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COLOUR SECTION

THE HUMBLING of John Major has not come as a surprise to his former colleagues in the Standard Chartered bank, where Major started work when he was 22 in 1965.

When, in the early 1970s, Major was marked out by Conservative central office as a rising star, no one at the bank could quite understand why. The highest he rose in the bank was "publications officer" — an undemanding role since the bank had very few publications and Major himself was not capable of writing any of them.

After Major was elected MP for Huntingdon in 1979, the bank's directors took him a bit more seriously and often asked him for his political ideas. One discussion morning was started off earnestly by the young MP with the news that he had thought of an idea which would solve Britain's economic problems.

What was his magic solution, the other executives asked nervously. Why, Major replied, Britain was importing too many goods — so the answer was to impose import quotas. Major rambled on at length about his brilliant new idea until someone pointed out that his plan differed not at all from the views being keenly expressed at that time by Tony Benn. A ripple of laughter ran round the room, and Major retired to his office to sulk.

The discussion meetings ended soon afterwards, even though Standard Chartered continued to subsidise Major with a regular salary, an office and even a cheap mortgage until he became a junior government whip in 1983.

BRITISH Telecom is proposing that, by 1995, it will be able to handle all 999 calls from just three centres — Newport, Motherwell and Bury St Edmunds. Operators will, BT maintains, be able to see, at a glance, where the call has come from, what the trouble is, and which emergency services to alert, anywhere in the country.

All the emergency services are against the plan, and both the ambulance service and the fire brigade have warned that lives will be lost. The plan is being monitored by OFTEL, who are evidently prepared at the moment to give BT the benefit of the doubt; they cite the fact that advances in technology will mean that the service "should be able to cope".

BT seems undeterred by recent publicity about 999 calls which fail to get through, resulting in loss of life. By 1995, there will be about 100,000 emergency calls **every day**. The idea that this volume of calls will be handled effectively and satisfactorily from just three centres, providing (in the words of OFTEL) "a better service to the public", defies belief.

THE London Ambulance Service abandoned computer control last week after 20 people were alleged to have died as a result of its faulty instructions.

The Sizewell B nuclear power station, due to open in 1994, will be the first in the world relying on computer software for control (see *Eye* 799). Its owners, Nuclear Electric, are confident that nothing can go wrong. So were the ambulance management.

ONE MAN who must have been horrified to read that the M50 murder case has been referred by home secretary Kenneth Clarke to the Court of Appeal is Lord Justice Glidewell.

Glidewell it was who presided over the recently-referred appeal of Judith Ward, who was locked up for the standard 18 years for an IRA bombing she could not possibly have committed. After he had heard the catalogue of prosecution errors, refusals to disclose vital evidence and plain frame-ups, Glidewell exploded. In his judgement, he abandoned all caution and accused the police and prosecution of achieving "conviction by ambush".

Mr Justice Glidewell presided a year earlier over an application by South Wales bouncer Eddie Browning for leave to appeal against his conviction for the M50 murder of Marie Wilks. Glidewell and his colleagues sat patiently listening to the application, and decided quite quickly that there wasn't a shred of an argument even for an appeal. They dismissed the case.

As they rose to go home, they were shocked by the most desperate display from Browning in the witness box. The knuckles of his hands went white as he shouted again and again that he had nothing to do with the M50 murder, and had been wrongly convicted. The warders had to beat his hands off the dock with their batons before they could remove him.

Mr Justice Glidewell for a brief moment looked shocked. Then he collected himself and went on his way, confident no doubt that such things as "convictions by ambush" can't happen in a British court of law.

BRITISH COAL now has such great experience of throwing people out of work that it has taken to advising other firms thinking of doing the same. An advertisement in the October issue of *Personnel Today*, placed by British Coal Enterprise ("Helping Create Jobs") plugs BCE's "Outplacement Information Pack".

The copy burbles: "British Coal Enterprise has unrivalled experience in the resettlement of a multi-disciplined labour force." No one could argue with that. "Now that experience is available to any company which is about to reorganise its employment profile." (ie, sack lots of workers). It goes on: "Our approach is tailored to the needs of you and your employees, at a time when relationships on both sides require careful handling."

Thirty thousand miners will vouch for British Coal's sensitivity in such matters.

THE Crown Prosecution Service has announced that it will investigate allegations that Mrs Sonia Sutcliffe committed perjury when giving her evidence in two libel actions against *Private Eye* and the *News of the World*.

This investigation could have taken place some time ago if it was not for the obstruction of Barbara Jones, former *Mail on Sunday* journalist and one time mentor to Mrs Sutcliffe.

The "new" evidence is contained in Barbara Jones' tacky *Voices From an Evil God* book. However, before she adopts the status of heroine by co-operating with the CPS, it should be remembered that Mrs Jones knew at the time of the earlier *Private Eye* trial that *she* herself had paid Sonia Sutcliffe £25,000, which was subsequently reimbursed by her then employer, the *Mail on Sunday*.

Jones, furthermore, nobbled Mrs Sutcliffe in our trial by asking Sonia through her mother *not* to answer the *Eye*'s questions relating to payments from newspapers.

Barbara Jones told the *Eye* she kept quiet to protect her book on Peter Sutcliffe. It was only when the *Eye* learned of the two receipts for payments totalling £25,000 that Sonia Sutcliffe's lawyer conceded that they had come from Barbara Jones. Even then, Mrs Jones kept quiet. Finally, in the *News of the World* trial, Mrs Jones had to be dragged kicking and screaming into the action, forcing her to fight Sonia as a joint defendant with the *News of the World*. All through this Barbara Jones allowed herself to be portrayed as a crusading journalist.

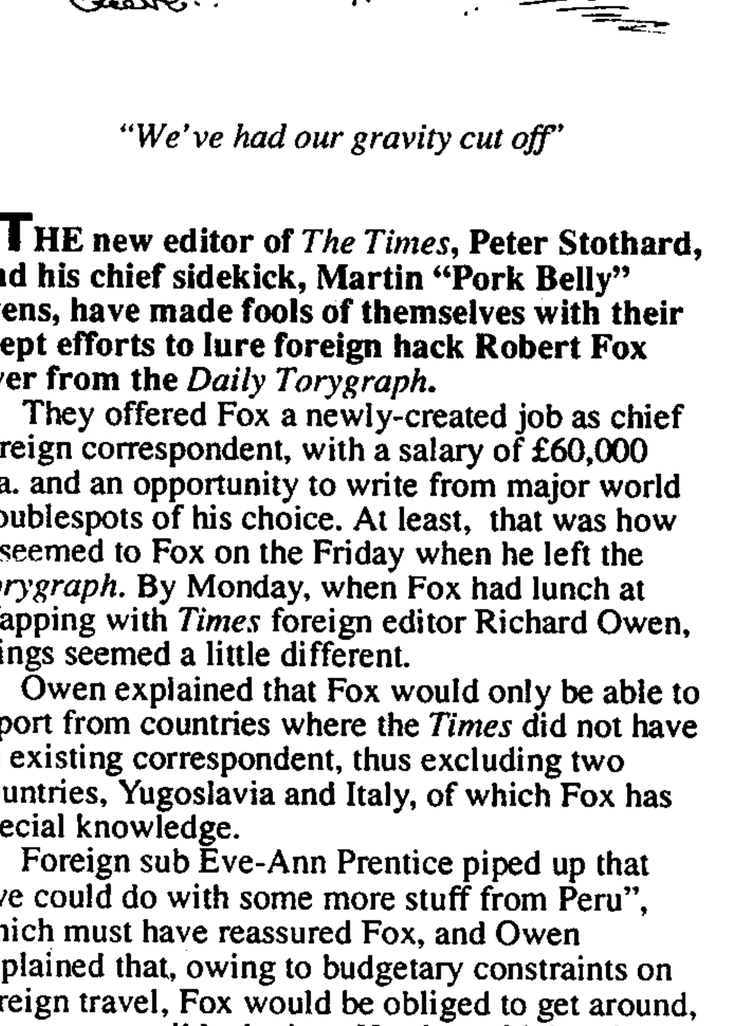
The facts are vastly different. Mrs Jones has acted at all times with dedicated self-interest and has given nothing away that did not suit her. She refused to co-operate with the CPS until it was unavoidable.

NEWSPAPER editors have not exactly been falling over themselves to be nice to Mr Major.

For example, *Sunday Torygraph* editor Charles Moore, an arch-opponent of the Maastricht treaty, has had some pretty strong words to say to the prime minister. Major has not been helped by the fact that Bruce Anderson, the obese *Sunday Express* columnist and a biographer of Major, has taken it upon himself to act as his unofficial PR man. In Anderson's own words, he wished to take Moore, a former colleague, out to lunch so as to put the government's case to him. Moore declined this generous offer of enlightenment from The Brute.

One editor who Major doesn't need to worry about is the *Evening Standard*'s Stewart Steven. Having sacked the paper's Eurosceptic leader-writer Christopher Monckton, he recently appointed Stephen Glover, the former editor of the *Indescribablyboring on Sunday*, as an associate editor of the *Standard*. Virtually the first thing he asked Glover to write for the paper was a broadside against the Eurosceptics.

Unfortunately, Steven had not done his homework. Had he done so he would have realised that one of the reasons Glover fell out with *Indescribablyboring* supremo Andreas Whittam-Smith last year was that Whittam-Strobes had considered Glover's editorial line on Europe too Thatcherite in tone. Much to Steven's embarrassment, Glover explained that he could not write a pro-Maastricht piece because he happened to think that the *Standard*, under Monckton's influence, had been right in attacking Maastricht from the beginning. So Stewie had to write the piece himself.



"We've had our gravity cut off"

THE new editor of *The Times*, Peter Stothard, and his chief sidekick, Martin "Pork Belly" Ivens, have made fools of themselves with their inept efforts to lure foreign hack Robert Fox over from the *Daily Torygraph*.

They offered Fox a newly-created job as chief foreign correspondent, with a salary of £60,000 p.a. and an opportunity to write from major world troublespots of his choice. At least, that was how it seemed to Fox on the Friday when he left the *Torygraph*. By Monday, when Fox had lunch at Wapping with *Times* foreign editor Richard Owen, things seemed a little different.

Owen explained that Fox would only be able to report from countries where the *Times* did not have an existing correspondent, thus excluding two countries, Yugoslavia and Italy, of which Fox has special knowledge.

Foreign sub Eve-Ann Prentice piped up that "we could do with some more stuff from Peru", which must have reassured Fox, and Owen explained that, owing to budgetary constraints on foreign travel, Fox would be obliged to get around, wherever possible, by bus. He also said that the necessary telex equipment for reporting from the field would not be available.

To cap it all, Owen told Fox that he had not wanted him and that the appointment had been forced on him by Stothard. After this warm welcome, Fox is now back at the *Torygraph*, licking his wounds.

THE *Sun*'s talented pop columnist, Piers (The Man The Stars Don't Talk To First) Morgan, wrote on October 20 of how he passes the time in traffic jams reading amusing stickers in the rear windows of the cars in front. Rib-ticklers like: "If you can read this I've lost my caravan."

Piers then treated his readers to his personal Top 10 gems of the car sticker writer's art. Amazingly, Piers's list was identical to one published in *You* magazine two days previously. What a Bizarre coincidence.

SUNDAY *EXPRESS* editor Eve Pollard has been taking her own peculiar brand of man-management to the limits of late.

She humiliated her deputy editor, Craig "Bouncing Bogbrush" McKenzie, by insisting in a memo to *Express* boss Lord Stevens and heads of department that Henry Macrory, who is number three in the pecking order, edit the paper while she was on holiday. Bogbrush, the memo stated, would be confining himself to administrative matters (not widely regarded as his forte).

Since her return she has had the locks changed on editorial filing cabinets. Keys have been issued for Bollard herself, Macrory and Charles "Experienced" Golding, number four on the paper, and their secretaries, but not McKenzie. Eavesdroppers on a furious confrontation between Bollard and Bogbrush heard her shouting at him: "Don't look at the ground when I'm talking to you."

McKenzie is not, of course, her only victim. Graham Lord, the literary editor who had been with the paper for 27 years, has resigned and will be suing for constructive dismissal. He has retained the services of Robert Salter, of solicitors Wedlake Bell, who previously (and successfully) sued Bollard on behalf of former *Sunday Mirror* hack Peter Miller. Columnist Michael Toner, who had been with the paper for 17 years, was sacked with a year's pay and is also suing the paper, in his case for wrongful dismissal. Bollard, however, remains unrepentant. As one staff member put it: "She has a hide like a rhinoceros — and an arse like one, too."

Meanwhile, Bollard has been basking in glory. *Media Week* has bestowed on her the award for newspaper of the year, which is all the more remarkable since she spends Friday mornings — normally a vital time in the production of a Sunday newspaper — on the telly with Ann Diamond and Nick Owen. The *Daily Express*, edited by her hubby Sir Nick Lloyd, has boasted that she has raised the circulation of the Sunday title by 100,000. Yet at what price? The TV advertising spend that has been required to obtain this lift in sales has been a staggering £15 million. Not content with the one award, Bollard has entered herself for another as colour magazine editor of the year — even though the *Sunday Express Magazine* already has an editor, called Jean Carr.

CON Coughlin's excellent book, *Hostage*, has created some controversy because in chapter 13 Lord Runcie, the former archbishop of Canterbury and erstwhile employer of Terry Waite, says when speaking of Waite's connection with Oliver North: "If I'd only known more, I would have acted."

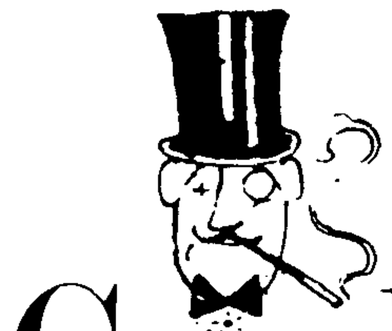
What does this mean? Did Lord Runcie not know that in Lambeth Palace the account that Terry Waite drew his expenses from was not part of the Lambeth fund, but one operated exclusively by Waite and a secretary? And did he not know that the funds that Waite received from the Episcopalian Church in New York came directly from Oliver North? And does not Lord Runcie recall meeting Oliver North in Lambeth Palace on 30 May 1985?

In 1990 the *Eye* was able to examine Oliver North's diaries, thanks to America's freedom of information act. They proved most interesting reading. They reveal that the Americans believed that Waite was vital to their hostage release programme. In May 1985 it was reported that Waite was the only foreigner who had ever actually come face to face with kidnappers.

Based on these and other disclosures, we arranged an interview in August 1990 with the late John Lyttle at Lambeth.

Lyttle told us that he could not confirm that Runcie had met North at Lambeth, but as North was a frequent visitor to Lambeth as well as the foreign office, it was more than likely. North is also recorded as talking by telephone with Margaret Thatcher.

Lyttle told the *Eye* the revelations could seriously endanger Terry Waite's life if we printed them. For that reason we did not. If Lord Runcie was not aware of Waite's involvement with Oliver North, then he must have been very distracted on other matters indeed.



Grovel

THE Parlour is a very exclusive dining club whose purpose (apart from the food and excellent wine) seems to be to bring together the worlds of big business, politics (Conservatives only, please) and the intelligence services.

The *Eye* has been sent the table plan for one such dinner, which was held in the autumn of 1989 at the Royal Garden Hotel, Kensington. The top table comprised (using their then titles, most of which have since been upgraded) Mr Patrick Sheehy, chairman of BAT, Sir Timothy Bevan, chairman of BET and a director of Barclays Bank, Mr Cecil Parkinson, then secretary of state for transport, Sir Patrick Meaney, chairman of Ranks, Mr Michael Gifford, managing director and chief executive of Ranks, Sir David Plaistow, chairman of Vickers, and Sir Roy Sisson, chairman of Smiths Industries.

Other Lords at the dinner were Kindersley (Lazards), Remnant (National Provident Institution) and Lord Justice Lloyd. The numerous other knights were Sir John Nott (Lazards — and former minister of defence), Sir John Milne (Royal Insurance), Sir Richard Lloyd (Hill Samuel), Sir Edwin Nixon (Natwest Bank), Sir Philip Beck (Mowlems), Sir Nigel Althaus (senior government broker), Sir Brian Kellett (Port of London Authority), Sir Peter Green (Lloyds of London) and Sir Kenneth Corfield (Midland Bank).

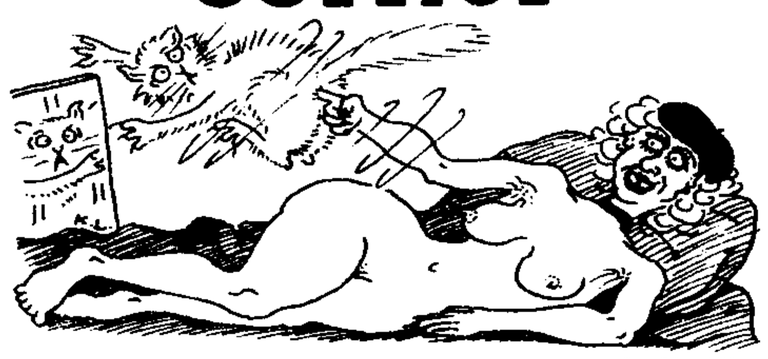
This glittering feast of top people was organised by Mr Tommy Macpherson, a former officer in the SAS. Other plain misters present (about whom the *Eye* would be delighted to hear more) were Sam Marshall, John Eccles, Bay Green, Michael Hawkes, Michael Vernon, David Peake, Gerald James, David Hardy, Charles Hambro, John Menzies, John Salisse, Geoffrey Maitland-Smith, A.J. Davis, Michael Quicke, Robin Herbert, John Raisman and Commander Michael Wall.

MY OLD friend Nigel Dempster, the former GLE, has set himself up as the expert on the whereabouts of Islamically-challenged author Salman Rushdie.

Had he been present at the wedding party for John Diamond and Nigella Lawson at the Groucho Club recently, Pratt-Dumpster would no doubt have been surprised to catch sight of Rushdie — since a few days before he had claimed in his wretched *Daily Mail* diary that Rushdie had emigrated to Finland.

The Sun

Pseuds Corner



And innuendo is sexier than overkill. "I love my pussy," she proclaims, "it is the summation of my life. My pussy is the temple of learning. Sometimes I sit at the edge of my bed and stare into the mirror... Sometimes I stick my finger in my pussy and wiggle it around the dark wetness and feel what a cock or a tongue must feel when I'm sitting on it. I pull my finger out and I always taste it and smell it... It smells like a baby to me, fresh and full of life."

MADONNA
Time Out

But among the cognoscenti there was little indication that Madonna's musical oeuvre is about to be eclipsed by her new-found literary career.

"The single is brilliant," said one. "The words go, 'If I take you from behind, push myself into your mind'. Obviously she doesn't have the machinery to do that, but it just confuses people.

"It's a really Jungian idea of the archetype of the male and female."

The Guardian

"It's important for people to grasp sensations, like the kind of feeling I get when I am fishing. Some of us are gatherers and some of us are hunters. I'm a hunter. I need the mud of a river oozing between my toes. It's like Proust."

ROGER WATERS
Q Magazine

I like Michael Jackson's face. It fascinates me, even mildly haunts me... It strikes me, too, as the perfect correlate of the eroticised sexlessness that he projects... And its power as an object of pure contemplation is intensified by the fact that it strikes us as disconnected from any real body. The only thing most of us know of Jackson's body is the outlandishly Ruritanian outfit that envelops it from virtually the nape of his neck to the tips of his toes. It's almost as though there is nothing to know under all that gaudy camouflage — Jackson's nudity is literally unthinkable, unconjurable, unconjecturable.

GILBERT ADAIR
Sunday Times

In 1985 Sade won a Grammy, did Live Aid and later, swathed in the ectoplasm of nascent superstardom, released a follow-up LP, *Promise*, which also went platinum just about everywhere it could. By this time her relationship with Elms was faltering. "It was a bit like Franco's death," he says. "We were together for about five years, I suppose, but the last year was very on and off."

Arena

At nine o'clock I do my serious "study reading". I take notes and try to keep at the cutting edge of knowledge. I've just done Hawking; now I'm doing Foucault...

...My recreation is music, from Schnittke to NWA and Apachi Indian, and I love modern African music. I didn't do a sociology degree for nothing. I love to see these three cultural waves — from the dynamic of peace and love and psychedelia to the hate and war of the punk movement and the aggressive ideology of hiphop.

CAROLINE COON
Sunday Times

CONTRIBUTORS: Rosalind Stewart, Peter Barnes, Ian Zant-Boer, Jinty Weldon, Sue May, Tracy Harris.

£10 paid for entries

I CAN reveal that Texan "cowboy" businessman Johnny Bryan and his client the Duchess of York have good cause to feel angry about the notorious Fergie photos — beyond the obvious embarrassment they caused.

Shortly before the photos were published, Sir David Fester, chairman of Associated Newspapers, visited Bryan and Fergie at her home, Rowenda Lodge, and hammered out a deal whereby Bryan would sell the story of his entirely professional relationship with the Duchess. Sir David was prepared to pay £200,000 for this exciting non-scoop.

The moment the photos revealed Bryan's toe-sucking exploits, the lucrative offer was withdrawn.

● *MY NOVELIST friend Julian Barnes has had a little difficulty with the lawyers who read manuscripts for his publishers, Cape.*

The protagonist of Julian's forthcoming potboiler, The Porcupine, is a deposed east European dictator who looks back on his career while awaiting his fate in prison. The fallen strongman makes disparaging remarks about our beloved Queen; slags off Gorby for allowing Raisa to make extravagant shopping sprees and opines that Ronald Reagan really should have stopped Nancy going down on Frank Sinatra.

Despite the fact that these slurs come from the mouth of an unbalanced individual in a work of fiction, lawyers Rubinstein Callingham, Polden Bishop & Gale told Cape to stand by for actions from all the above should publication go ahead.

Cape, after careful consideration, have decided to risk it.

I HEARTILY concur with the sentiments of my friend, libel lawyer Peter Carter-Fuck, about the disgraceful condition of London's public transport.

In a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* his fine legal brain has come to the nub of the matter, cutting through all the nonsense that has been written about commuters suffering delays, dirt, overcrowding and muggers on the Tube. What is really wrong with the capital's transport system, he writes, is the lack of any First Class rail connection between central London and Heathrow or the City Airport.

"How much longer are these disastrously incomplete and inefficient services to continue?" he demands. One's heart goes out to poor Peter. There can seem little point in being the highest-paid lawyer in the Universe if one still has to travel, albeit occasionally, in the company of more financially-challenged mortals.

● *POOR Michael Baki. First to lose a libel action to the mega-rich Wafic Said, then to lose his house as Said's lawyers, the wonderful Peter Carter-Ruck and partners, pursue him for Said's costs.*

Now, after the Eye and the Daily Mail wrote about Baki and his problems finding costs to pay off Said, he has received another threatening letter from Carter-Fuck.

Solicitor Guy Martin, acting for Said, wrote to Baki on 26 October, threatening Baki with an order of committal to prison for alleged contempt.

Martin refused to tell the Eye if this threat was countenanced by Said, on the basis that we were "not entitled to know it — it's plain and simple — it's a matter of client confidentiality and is privileged".

It does seem strange, does it not, that a mega-rich man like Said would wish to send a sick man to prison for what must be regarded as a trivial matter.

Pip Pip!

PRESIDENT Heseltine has blundered. Defending his decision to sack 30,000 miners, he told the select committee on trade and industry that it was all the fault of the electricity industry.

"I cannot force electricity companies to buy coal," he said. He seemed to be forgetting that he was responsible for the arrival on the scene of the combined cycle gas turbines (CCGTs). Gas is replacing coal — and the mines can only survive if they sell their output to the generating companies.

Generating licences for gas-fired power stations have been issued to almost anyone who asked — even when it became apparent that Britain was heading for a 50 per cent surplus in generating capacity. It was obvious that no industry, anywhere in the world, could carry so much spare capacity.

The licences are issued by Hezza and the director general of OFFER, the office of electricity regulation, whom Heseltine appoints. According to the electricity act, "the secretary of state, after consultation with the director, or the director with the consent of... the secretary of state, may grant a licence authorising any person to generate electricity..."

The director, professor Stephen Littlechild, believes devoutly in letting the market decide everything, and happily issues licences to anyone who asks. But the secretary of state is supposed to consider other factors, such as social, environmental and long-term economic consequences.

The act also provides for generating companies to be referred to the monopolies commission if their actions "operate or may be expected to operate against the public interest". Gas was always certain to destroy the jobs of tens of thousands of miners, throwing a huge burden on the social security system and the taxpayer. Was that not sufficiently "against the public interest" to justify action?

Gas pipes leak methane, which is even more damaging to the environment than carbon dioxide. And no one doubts that, however cheap gas may now be, its price will shoot up as demand grows and depletion approaches; British Gas has already given a hint of this with a 35 per cent price rise at one swoop for all gas intended for generating electricity when the CCGTs first became popular 18 months ago.

But Heseltine said that he was advised that he did not have the legal authority to interfere. He should change his lawyer.

SOME amusement has been occasioned by a fund-raising letter sent to Tory party members by chairman Sir Norman Fowler.

Headed "A sense of relief", the letter asks: "Do you remember the sense of uncertainty there was in Britain before the general election? So much depended on the result of voting on April 9th. The contest was on a knife-edge, and many people were deeply anxious about the future. I am sure that you also remember — and I hope you shared — the enormous sense of relief when a new government under John Major was safely re-elected."

The letter goes on to express relief that the "key negotiations in Europe and beyond are being carried out by a proven and admired team."

HESELTINE was followed at the select committee by the chairman of British Coal, Neil Clarke, who was accused by Tory MP Dr Michael Clark of regarding the inquiry as a charade.

Clarke disputed this and also objected to the description of his list of pits for closure as "a hit list". The phrase, in fact, was used by Keith Hampson — who used to be parliamentary private secretary to Michael Heseltine.

THE trade and industry select committee will spend the next two or three months studying coal. To do so, it has had to postpone its inquiry into trade with Europe. The select committee on energy ought, of course, to be investigating coal — but it was killed off after making awkward noises about such matters as electricity privatisation, nuclear power and renewable energy.

After the trade and industry committee took over its work, two key energy advisers, Professor John Surrey and Mr John Chesshire from the science policy research unit at Sussex University, were dropped — thus ensuring that the committee's access to informed advice on energy policy was even less.

IT IS little wonder that Winston Churchill, the Conservative MP for Davyhulme, emerged as one of the principal Tory rebels against the government's pit closure plans.

Apart from his evident concern for the miners' plight, Churchill has no reason to succumb to the lures of the government whips.

When Major assumed the Tory leadership, a list was drawn up of MPs who had been passed over during the Thatcher years and who might yet make ministerial material. Churchill's name was prominent, but chief whip Richard Ryder, for reasons so far unexplained, chose to strike his name off.

MICHAEL Heseltine and his loyal sidekick Keith Hampson (Tory MP for Leeds north-west) should have known better than to try to score cheap points during the great Commons coal debate by brandishing that day's *Yorkshire Evening Post* front-page.

In a dig at Labour-controlled Leeds city council — but aimed more at Labour MPs in the House — Hezza read out the headline: "Betrayal — Leeds snubs Yorkshire pitmen to buy cheap coal mined by slave children in Columbia".

Tarzan and his chimp should have known better. It was the Tories' 1988 local government act which banned local authorities from specifying the country of origin of a product and forced them to accept the lowest reasonable bid.

It's called "market forces", Hezza. Under the act, Leeds' Labour leaders and their counterparts up and down the land are simply **not allowed** to let moral concerns over slave labour —or anything else — interfere with the market.

ANOTHER victim of Hezza has been Robert Priddle, deputy secretary, who has been switched from energy policy to consumer affairs inside the DTI.

Priddle must by now be accustomed to being the politicians' whipping boy. He was chosen by the Department of Energy in 1983 to represent it at the Sizewell inquiry and face cross-examination by lawyers and protesters in arguing the ludicrous case that we needed the power station because it was the cheapest way of generating electricity! The job should have been done by a politician, but the energy minister at the time, Nigel Lawson, funked it — and left poor Priddle to do his dirty work for him.

NEWS of the "posting" to a Siberian power station of the civil servant who carried out the government's coal-mining destruction policy so efficiently has struck a chill in the heart of Philip Wood, the ambitious under-secretary at transport, who is the author of the government's equally crazy railway destruction policy.

Wood is not reassured by rumours that John "Brunel" MacGregor is looking for an excuse to shelve the whole daft rail privatisation scheme which, if not stopped, will shunt the government into even worse unpopularity.

THE future of the air-sea rescue service at RAF Manston, Kent, which covers the busy shipping lanes of the Straits of Dover, was an important local issue in east Kent constituencies during the general election campaign. The Treasury was known to have Manston lined up for the chop as part of the latest round of defence cuts. Prospective candidates and sitting MPs, including David Shaw (Dover) and Jonathan Aitken (Thanet), were questioned at length about this on the hustings. All were of one voice — safety at sea could not be compromised, and the service would be kept. Aitken, in particular, was very firm on this. Manston is in his constituency.

Seven months later, it has been announced that the service is to close. Yachtsmen and fishing boats getting into trouble will have to wait for a rescue helicopter to come from Lee-on-Solent, Hampshire — more than 100 miles away. The decision has been taken by the Ministry of Defence, where Jonathan Aitken is a junior minister.

THE people's party in Bethnal Green and Stepney are rumoured to be having difficulties finding a suitable replacement for their MP, Peter Shore, who will stand down at the next election.

Aware of the racial sensitivities of some Eastenders, Walworth Road is understood to have discouraged the two most obvious local candidates from standing. It is said that for some reason bachelor councillor Phil Maxwell and Bengali councillor Rajan Jalal do not present the correct image for a modern socialist party.

Luckily a solution seems in sight. Glamorous MP for Vauxhall (Brixton), Ms Kate Hoey has recently and quite understandably abandoned the slums where her constituents have to live for a luxury riverside apartment by St Katherine's Dock. Her new residence lies just within the Bethnal Green Constituency.

It now seems increasingly likely that Ms Hoey will be foisted on the comrades of Bethnal Green, as the "local choice".

Meanwhile a token, but carefully vetted, black or homosexual could be offered the safe seat of Vauxhall to remind the rest of us just how progressive the Labour party really is.

JOHN MAJOR'S stern resolve to stand up for Britain and not be pushed around by the krauts was symbolised by the choice of transport laid on at Birmingham airport during the recent Euro-summit.

Airport security and marshals were provided with a fleet of eight K-reg Audi saloons, while the convoys ferrying the various Euro-slugs around the city consisted largely of Audi, BMW and Mercedes cars — escorted, of course, by cops on BMW motorcycles.

'Backbiter'

UN NEWS

BOO BOO Ghali seems to be seriously losing his marbles. Recently he chased Rauf Denktash, the Turkish Cypriot leader, out of his office, bellowing: "Either negotiate or get out of here".

Denktash is indeed irritating. But Boo Boo's apology showed the strain that comes with thinking he rules the world. "I'm sorry, I've been under a lot of strain lately — I'm on valium," he told the startled Denktash.

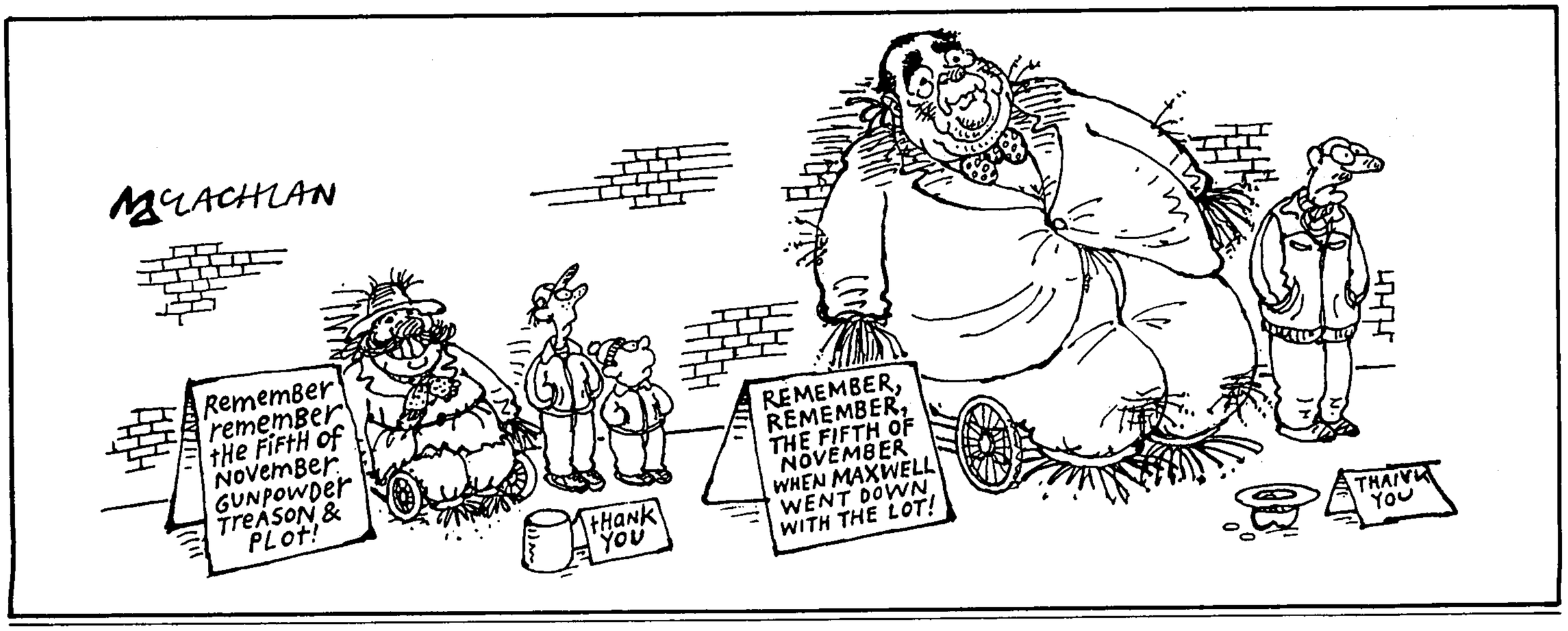
The week before he had stiffly reprimanded his man in Somalia, Mohammed Sahnoun, for telling the truth about the UN's inefficiency. Having got 500 Pakistani "peace-keeping" troops to Somalia a year late, for weeks they were not allowed to leave the barracks for fear of offending the gang of looters and rapists that passes for the "local authorities".

Sahnoun, rebuked for telling it like it is, resigned, whereupon the Western diplomatic corps leaned on Boo Boo to eat humble pie and beg Sahnoun to stay. He wouldn't and the man that the West considers "indispensable" for the position has now gone.

Earlier, Boo Boo had shocked diplomats by wandering into a Security Council meeting and insisting that "something must be done" about Angola. "Let's make Savimbi vice-president" he announced brightly. Security Council members had to discreetly remind him that the election had not actually finished, and that the voters should, perhaps, have some say in this.

DAVID JOHN MELLOR, BA 1970, was given, in the 8th Annual Highland Park/Spectator Parliamentarians of the Year Award, the award of "Member to Watch".

Christ's College Magazine, 1992


McLACHLAN
Remember remember the Fifth of November GUNPOWDER TREASON & PLOT!
tHank YOU
REMEMBER, REMEMBER, THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER WHEN MAXWELL WENT DOWN WITH THE LOT!
THAIVK YOU

LLOYD'S

WHEN Lloyd's of London chairman David Coleridge resigns in December, Nicholas Coleridge, the editorial director of Conde Nast UK, will no doubt pen another apology for his father's lacklustre record.

A couple of months ago, the *Eye* took Nicholas to task for his authorship of a whining defence of his father in *The Spectator*. We reminded Coleridge *fils* that a Channel 4 programme broadcast in December 1991 had exposed the fact that David Coleridge had belonged to a baby syndicate — one in which the names wrote only low-risk businesses and membership was restricted to a few Lloyd's underwriters and their cronies.

The syndicate, number 973, was described by one of its members, Ian Posgate, as "the archetypal baby syndicate — that was why I joined it. I thought it might be a lifetime of profits." But despite the worst intentions of its members, 973 never made any money.

However, a further Channel 4 programme on Lloyd's from the same production company was broadcast on 1 November. This showed that David Coleridge was a member of another baby syndicate, 207, run by his firm, R.W. Sturge. Syndicate 206, also run by Sturge, had written marine business, and contained roughly 500 names, whereas 207, again a marine syndicate, contained a mere 30 names who were associates of Coleridge's firm, including his wife Susan.

207 was the sixth most profitable syndicate in Lloyd's (which consists of about 450 syndicates in all). Interviewed on the programme, a former member of the syndicate, Michael Baxter, admitted that 207 was only put on "quality business" and that this was regarded as "the gilt on the gingerbread of the other underwriting".

Before Nicholas Coleridge starts bleating about unfair criticism of his father, it is worth noting that in 1984, the final year of its operation (since baby syndicates were banned thereafter), the new names introduced to 207 happened to include one N.D. Coleridge.

PS: In one of the most extraordinary gatherings of financial talent ever seen, David Coleridge joined Norman Lamont and Robin Leigh-Pemberton to give a speech at the Guildhall last week.

One of the hardest things to cope with is sudden fame. No one can be prepared for it. I, who had been a good though unknown variety turn in the US, was brought to England in 1934 and made instantly famous. It went right to my head; I was egotistical and selfish.

— Larry Adler, Eton College Road, Hampstead.

Evening Standard

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

THE pinewood nematode is a virulent pest currently munching its way through the softwood forests of northern Canada. Any day now it will cross the Atlantic in a shipment of unseasoned timber and start doing for Britain's pine forests and plantations what Dutch elm disease did for the English hedgerow. Perhaps it is already here.

One man has the power to keep this ugly bug at bay — the president of the board of trade. But, for a man of the jungle, Tarzan is strangely indifferent to the fate of Britain's trees. Heseltine has ignored calls from worried foresters for imports of unseasoned timber to be banned, and only kiln-dried wood allowed in. Top tree boffins reckon drying kills off the pest, thus rendering imported Canadian timber safe.

But, like natural gas, Hezza clearly sees the parasite as an instrument of the market and refuses to intervene. And the EC, which is supposed to have banned unseasoned imports, won't implement the ban for fear of upsetting powerful Canadian logging interests.

There may be a perverse logic to all this. If Britain's pine forests are destroyed there'll be no wood to make pit props. And if there are no more pit props...

THE number of well-off farmers on the council of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds would appear to be not entirely in the best interests of our feathered friends.

Recent attacks on the government by the 900,000-member RSPB might have led some to believe that they were going to use some muscle to fight the environmentally catastrophic advance of agribusiness.

Yet the farmers among the bird-brains seem as wedded to the pesticide can as they ever were under their former president, Derek "spray-it-and-run" Barber.

Barber it was who so upset Prince Charles with his preposterous Royal Agricultural Society report suggesting there was nothing wrong with British farming that a few more agrochemicals couldn't put right.

Despite anti-Gummer rhetoric, the society appears as besotted as ever with the idea of running the countryside like a paint factory. It even supports the ministry of overproduction's ludicrous set-aside policy.

This allows Gummer to slip EC backhanders to barley barons who agree to grow weeds on their worst land while drenching the rest of it in ever more dangerous chemicals. By backing this farcical scheme the feather brains are hoping MAFF will agree to return the "surplus" farmland into bird habitats.

The obvious way to improve the environment for birds and everything else would be to reduce pesticide use and extend organic farming. But the society refuses to countenance that — surely not because of all those farmers nesting on the council?

JOHN Gummer's much-vaunted "reform" of the CAP is actually costing consumers and taxpayers much more than the unreconstructed version. It's also elevating waste and bureaucracy to new heights.

For example, the public handouts that maintain the European beef mountain have been doubled under the "reform" package, while the rules for collecting them have been made more complex so as to allow the maximum opportunity for fraud.

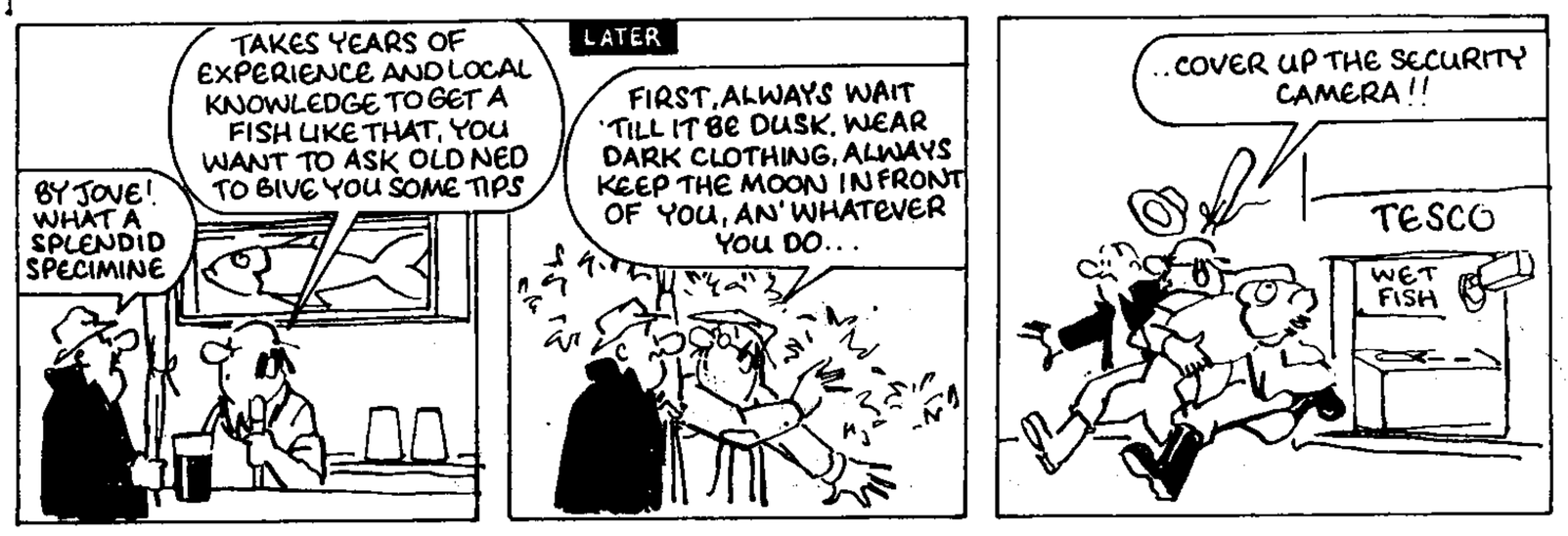
The beef subsidies are to be paid out at two stages in an animal's life, thus ensuring an endless procession of cattle queuing up for the dosh. Every animal is to have its own "passport", so there'll be plenty of work for the forgers.

And the qualifying conditions laying down the number of eligible cowpats per field are certain to keep an army of MAFF inspectors peering over hedgerows.

There's even to be a special cash subsidy encouraging farmers to have their beasts slaughtered as calves, thus making the beef mountains look smaller. Can Britain afford any more "reforms" like this from the once free-market-minded Gummer?

Old Macdonald

ALBERT


TAKES YEARS OF EXPERIENCE AND LOCAL KNOWLEDGE TO GET A FISH LIKE THAT, YOU WANT TO ASK OLD NED TO GIVE YOU SOME TIPS
BY JOVE! WHAT A SPLENDID SPECIMINE
LATER
FIRST, ALWAYS WAIT 'TILL IT BE DUSK. WEAR DARK CLOTHING, ALWAYS KEEP THE MOON IN FRONT OF YOU, AN' WHATEVER YOU DO...
..COVER UP THE SECURITY CAMERA!!
TESCO
WET FISH

ITV

Commercial Breaks

(ITV/C4)

RECONSTRUCTING commercials is always interesting, but is at its most exciting when a recession is deconstructing both the manufacturers and the advertising agencies.

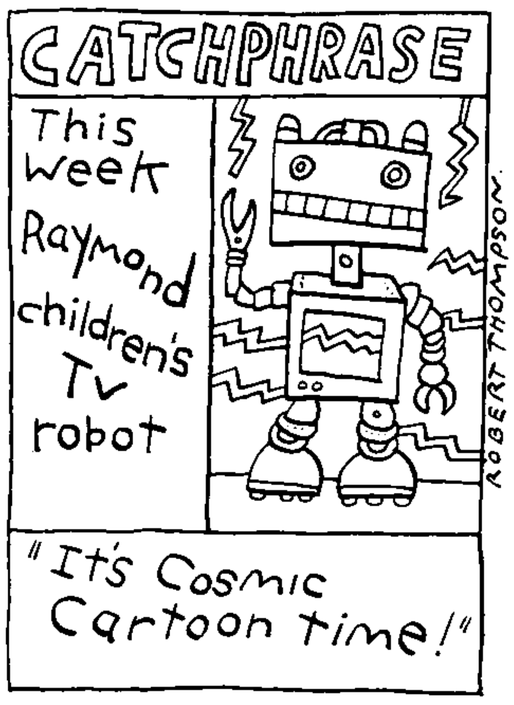
In the late Eighties, the average television commercial was a compressed version of a movie. (The supplements were full of articles about how Ridley Scott or Alan Parker or Hugh Hudson saw their work for Acme Inc as an extension of their work for Hollywood.) In the early 90s, the television ad more normally resembles a slightly expanded version of a market trader's rap. Advertising budgets are down, so sells are short and sharp. Anyway, the only tenable message is a brief one: you might be able to afford this.

The key words are "free" and "cheap". The classic recession ad is the one for AA Autoquote which consists of little more than the one-liner: "For a *free* quote, call *free*..." There is no assurance that the insurance sold will cost you less than normal — all you are being offered is a phone call and a piece of advice for nothing — but the words build up the association of a special offer in the viewer's mind.

Whereas during the false boom at the end of the last decade, commercial makers lazily relied on vague metaphors for confidence and feeling good — remember all those parachutes and aeroplanes and soaring birds, so that you never knew what you were being sold until the end? — realism has now set in to the extent that some ads explicitly acknowledge the dodginess of the British economy.

On the surface, the new British Gas ad is a classic set-up; Patricia Routledge milking her TV persona (as Hyacinth Bucket, pronounced Bouquet, in the sit-com *Keeping Up Appearances*), just as Penelope Keith used to recreate hers. Routledge begins with the kind of pretentious sentence associated with her TV role: "I'm having the WI round for a soiree..." Yet the script contains one unusual element. Routledge explains that she was in the gas showroom when a young assistant came up and said "no interest". She replied, "I'm not surprised, with the economy as it is, but he said, no, he meant *no interest* on your payments if you get in on credit..." Things are bad, the puns acknowledge, but our special offer acknowledges that.

Other pitches almost openly acknowledge that the sellers are as desperate as the buyers. "Debenhams is taking another 20 per cent off stock in the Mid-Season sale..." This largesse is officially called the Blue Cross Sale, perhaps because its function in commerce is similar to that of the Red Cross in medicine.



Established manufacturers search desperately for an exotic new angle on their product. Unfortunately timed for the Euro-backlash in British politics, the makers of Fairy Liquid hymn the popularity of their new brand Fairy Excel among Spanish peasants, who, ritually, cook each year a massive paella in a mile-wide pan. Unfortunately, the ad then crashes back down to basics with one of the least appealing punch lines in commercial history: "The Age Of Heavy Scrubbing May Be Coming To An End", a bizarre borrowing of a famous headline in *Spare Rib*.

The Nationwide building society — having ceased to be known as *Anglia* Nationwide — now makes a rather desperate fuss of the simple fact that it happens to be one of the few such organisations without a parochial placename in its title (Cheltenham and Gloucester, Alliance and Leicester, Bradford and Bingley). That dumb-pun song — "Plumbers from Bath... Polishers from East Sheen... Babies from Crawley..." wastes a lot of time saying only that Nationwide really is *nation*wide: it has a lot of branches. Given that there is no mention of whether the company has attractive or competitive rates, the subliminal pitch of the film may be taken to be that the society is bigger than others and, therefore, less likely to go under in a banking crisis.

Different present tensions are also deliberately invoked in other commercials. One for Vodafone Low-Call — which shows a woman alone in a car at night, and apparently stranded, dialling her husband, apparently for help — plays pretty shamelessly on fears planted by recent murder or assault cases. There is a jokey pay-off — the apparently frightening face that bends in at her window turns out to be a friendly shepherd, apologising for the fact that his flock has, it now turns out, blocked her way across the road — but the message is clear enough: next time, it may not be a shepherd.

Playing on another kind of modern death-threat, the commercial for McCains Oven Chips — sold, in the Eighties, purely on the promise of convenience, freedom from peeling potatoes — now attempts to push the ambitious line that chips can be good for you. Pale strips of potato are shown working out in a gymnasium, reducing their fat levels before they jump into the sauna of the chip-pan. "Contains only 5% fat," a voice claims.

There are, however, commercial constants. The latest plastic toy doll ad manages to combine in one line tautology and bathos: "Sparkle Eyes Barbie has eyes that sparkle — Ken Doll sold separately." (Ken Doll has been shown dancing with his dewy-eyed chick.) Still, we'll know the industry is serious when the Gold Blend couple get AIDS.

'Square Eyes'

"Oh no! A Norwegian comedy presenter got here first"

MEDIA NEWS

IN THE wake of his disparaging remarks about BBC chairman Marmaduke Hussey, the BBC's soon-to-retire director general Michael Checkland conveniently found himself en route to Botswana for a Commonwealth broadcasting conference, where it was presumed few media hacks would be able to pursue him.

Yet this was to reckon without the special BBC-bashing agenda of *Sunday Times* media correspondent Jonathan Miller, who duly took off for Botswana in the hope of obtaining an exclusive doorstepping interview with Checkland — an echo of his success recently in running John Birt to ground in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

However, Checkland's office in London was tipped off as to Miller's plans by rival media hackettes. Checkland was told to remain silent. As a result, Miller had to confine himself to skulking round after Checkland and recording some bitchy remarks from an anonymous source to the effect that the Commonwealth broadcasting conference was just a giant freebie.

EARLIER this year we reported that a computer system introduced by the Beeb as part of the supposedly cost-cutting "producer choice" strategy had been abandoned at a cost of about £3.5 million, because staff were unable to operate it.

Director of policy planning Patrica Hodson recently admitted at a policy review meeting that producer choice is likely to cost more than it saves, because (rather like the NHS internal market) vast numbers of new managers will have to be employed to make sure the system works. This comes on top of the fact that an accounting error earlier this year meant that BBC television has spent £20 million it didn't have in its budget.

But all is not lost. BBC management are still capable of making important decisions about cost-cutting. Six messengers at Broadcasting House, some of whom were disabled, whose job was to guide visitors through the rabbit-warren of studios and offices, have been sacked, thus saving a few bob — but still only a small part of the £100,000 that the corporation is to pay in salary to its new female director of corporate communications.

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
In Producers we trust -GOD Pays cash
BBC PRODUCERS BAR
"I'M INTRODUCING 'PRODUCER'S CHOICE'
"OH, RIGHT!...
WE DON'T WANT YOU AS DG!"
"Trebles & 24 hour rolling redundancies all round!"
Ken Pyne

FREE speech-loving Michael Heseltine, the man mainly responsible for sending Sarah Tisdall to prison for leaking non-security information to the Guardian, is at it again, leaping down to the High Court to get an injunction against Channel 4 for daring to quote directly from a department of trade report.

The report, into the Guinness scandal, deals with events in 1986, but has not yet been published. Why? The department cites the criminal case still to be heard against Thomas Ward, the last of the Guinness defendants. This squeamishness about publishing reports when criminal cases are pending did not seem to affect the department when they published their inspector's damning indictment of the County Natwest affair. Criminal proceedings followed against several County Natwest executives, all of whom were eventually acquitted.

What was the difference between the County Natwest case and the Guinness case? In the County Natwest case, the people criticised in the *report were* small fry, seeking to save their company rather than their bank balances. The names in the Guinness report include at leat one prominent and influential businessman who is close to the government.

Who can this be? And could this be a matter for ruthless investigation by the *Daily* and *Sunday Express*, not to mention the *Daily Star* — and their freedom-loving chairman, Lord Stevens?

I-BSkyB

The Duchess [of York] asked what the teenagers missed most in hospital.

They told her it was the programmes on Sky, especially the comedy shows and cartoons.

She promised to buy them a dish and have it installed as soon as possible.

The Sun

CONTRIBUTOR: Mrs M. Gayfer.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

AT THE same time as his Radio 4 *Today* programme was broadcasting the news that the London ambulance service computer system had collapsed leaving patients to die in their homes, the BBC's beardy broadcaster Brian Redhead could be spotted in the *British Journal of Healthcare Computing* extolling the virtues of NHS computer systems.

Apparently, Redhead had been chairing a conference sponsored by computer consultants Andersen, part of the worldwide Arthur Andersen accountancy firm.

Redhead is quoted as saying at the Andersen conference: "Recent changes in health management have heightened the need for managers to have access to really usable information systems". Presumably nobody had told him about RISP.

RISP was the ill-fated computer project designed for Wessex regional health authority by, you've guessed it, Andersen. Described variously as "a disaster" and "embarrassingly wasteful", the RISP project had to be abandoned after eight years and £44 million of taxpayers' money because it was unworkable.

A subsequent report by the district auditor into the affair concluded the project had failed for a variety of reasons, including "unrealistic estimates of cost", "almost non-existent control over budgets and finance" and "conflicts of interest".

Even more embarrassingly for Redhead, the whole sorry saga is recounted under the headline "Power, Corruption and Lies" in the very same issue of the *British Journal of Healthcare Computing*.

MIRRORWATCH

***MIRROR* hacks who stopped production of their paper for seven hours in protest at the boardroom coup which installed diminutive Ulster hatchetman David Montgomery as chief executive of MGN have, strangely, not been lining up to applaud the bold, principled stand taken against the appointment by former columnist and leader-writer Joe Haines.**

Haines, noted for his earlier staunch defence of press freedoms in his role as the late Captain Bob's sidekick and hagiographer, resigned from the board of MGN in protest as soon as news of the imminent appointment leaked out, condemning Monty as a vile creature of Wapping.

Monty — dubbed Rommel by the hacks, "because Montgomery was on our side" — was voted on to the board by three votes to two, *after* Haines' resignation. What puzzles the hacks is: if Joe was so opposed to Rommel coming aboard, why did he not stay on long enough to cast his vote against the appointment, which would have split the board three-three? It might not have prevented the dour midget from getting the job, they say, but it would have made his position that bit less secure.

They also recall a previous occasion when Haines' boldly stood up to a takeover of the *Mirror*. When Maxwell moved in in 1984 he proclaimed: "That man is a liar and a crook and I can prove it." Shortly afterwards he apparently changed this strongly-held opinion, stayed on at the *Mirror* as a columnist and started work on a grovelling biography of the Great Man.

ALTHOUGH he has resigned from the board of MGN, Joe Haines is about to appear in court as a witness in a high-profile libel action.

Tory MP Rupert Allason and Labour MP George Galloway are each separately suing the *Mirror* over a front-page editorial published a year ago (when Cap'n Bob was still alive, just) under the heading: "Dishonourable Men and Dirty Tricks". This accused the two MPs of being "lower than louses", "jackals scavenging in the rubbish heap", "cowards" and "liars", because they had used a privileged parliamentary procedure, the early day motion, to draw attention to certain defamatory allegations in Seymour Hersh's book *The Samson Option*.

These included the suggestion that the *Daily Mirror*'s then foreign editor Nicholas Davies was an arms dealer and a Mossad intelligence asset and that Cap'n Bob had deliberately used his papers to discredit Mordecai Vanunu's claims about Israel's secret nuclear weapons programme.

It was the bilious Haines who obediently followed his master's instructions to write the editorial, and he has now been subpoenaed to attend the trial of Allason's case (which comes on first) as a witness. Indeed, Haines was presumably a little taken aback when Allason, who is representing himself as a litigant-in-person, chose to serve the subpoena personally.

ONE man *Mirror* hacks are hoping not to see around Holborn Circus is David Burnside, a friend and confidante of new chief executive David Montgomery.

Burnside is so close to Rommel that the two men sound and even look alike. Their politics are similar, too — Ulster Unionist to the core. Burnside flirted in his youth with the bizarre extremism of William Craig, former Northern Ireland home secretary, who set up the Vanguard group in the early 1970s to "ginger up" the Ulster Unionist Party.

Burnside later slipped quietly into the "mainstream" of Unionist politics, and even for a short time became a soldier in the Ulster Defence Regiment.

Burnside and Montgomery burst on the English scene at about the same time, although Burnside never lost his enthusiasm for the Union. He was a strong supporter of "Friends of the Union", set up to contest the Anglo-Irish agreement by, among others, the late Eastbourne MP Ian Gow.

When Airey Neave was murdered, Gow — also later murdered — took over from him as Margaret Thatcher's spokesman on Northern Ireland, and as her link with the wide boys of MI5. It was Gow's word in Thatcher's ear about the "brilliant Ulsterman" David Burnside which prompted her in turn to put in a good word for Burnside to her friend and adviser Lord King.

Burnside duly became a communications consultant to British Airways, and featured in the Thames TV film earlier this year about the row over dirty tricks between British Airways and Virgin. (The British Airways security chief, incidentally, is a former captain in military intelligence who came to the company via Control Risks, the high-powered insurance company run by former Northern Ireland military intelligence colonel, Peter Goss).

It is difficult to imagine a man more suitable to help "spruce up" the *Daily Mirror*, and get the paper back on the right track, at least on Irish matters, than Mr Burnside.

JOURNALISTS at the *Mirror* are right to be in dread of Rommel's arrival, if only because it spells the end of any fun, laughter or eccentricity in the workplace. During the long, insane rule of Captain Bob, the poor hacks at least had the antics of the fat fraudster to chuckle over. Rommel's arrival, they fear, is no laughing matter at all.

They have not been cheered by tales of Rommel's days as editor of *Toady*. On Christmas Day one year a skeleton staff of volunteers had come in to prepare the few news pages that were open for the Boxing Day edition. A fleet of minicabs had been ordered by the firm, in an uncharacteristic fit of generosity, to take the hacks home at 6pm. Rommel, having spent the day at home, arrived in the office at 5.45 and, in a most unseasonal mood, proceeded to rip all the pages apart — including feature pages that he had approved days earlier. At 8.30pm, when the dispirited hacks had done the whole paper again — and the cabs had long departed — they asked if the firm would lay on some more transport. Certainly not, said Scrooge, getting into his Jag. The few hacks who had brought their cars in then spent the rest of the evening ferrying their colleagues home.

DAVID MONTGOMERY'S earlier life may also be of interest to *Mirror* hacks as they ponder their fate, in particular that phase in his career when he worked as a casual down-table sub at Withy Grove, the *Mirror*'s old Manchester office, in the late 1970s.

Sunday Mirror hacks reporting from Northern Ireland were dismayed to find their copy being altered to reflect a more pro-Unionist line. Upon investigation, it was discovered that Rommel, an Australian-born Ulster prod, had been doctoring the copy at the last minute on a Saturday night.

In August 1989, when the *Daily Mirror* repeated its 1978 call for the government to withdraw the troops from Northern Ireland, Rommel, in his capacity as editor of *Toady*, urged a boycott on sales of the *Daily Mirror* in the province. The *Mirror* responded by attacking Rommel in a leader (almost certainly penned by Joe Haines). It described him as "a liar, a thief, a hypocrite, a bigot and a pornographer." The *Mirror*'s editorial line on Ulster will be worth watching from now on.

***MIRROR* journalists found the following message on their computer screens when they arrived for work on October 27, under the heading "LEST WE FORGET":**

"I have no intention of making anybody redundant." — **R. Maxwell, July 1984.**

"I have definitely got no plans for job cuts in editorial departments, nor has the board considered any." — **D. Montgomery, October 23, 1992.**

"I will never interfere in editorial freedom." — **R. Maxwell, 1984.**

"The editorial independence of our newspapers will be preserved and vested in the editors." — **D. Montgomery, October 23, 1992.**

"Union recognition will continue." — **R. Maxwell, 1984.**

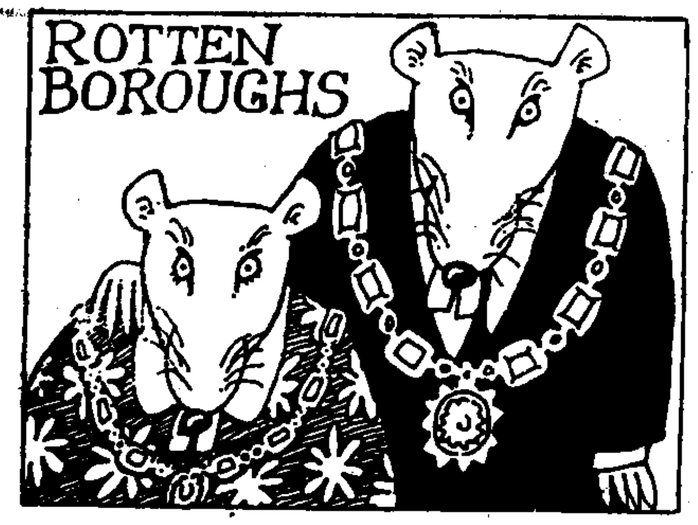
"Union recognition will continue." — **D. Montgomery, October 23, 1992.**

"I will never sack an editor or an FOC." — **R. Maxwell, 1984.**

"The editors of all titles remain in their positions." — **D. Montgomery, October 23, 1992.**

"Do you think I am lying?" — **R. Maxwell, September 1984.**

"I wish to take this opportunity to give you certain assurances..." — **D. Montgomery, October 23, 1992.**



HACKNEY

HARD-UP Hackney, north London, is taking calls for more freedom of information in town hall affairs a little too seriously.

The council's new code of conduct requires employees to obtain management's permission before undertaking *any* outside work, whether paid or unpaid. So, despite a financial crisis that makes Hackney the poorest borough in Britain, officers are devoting their energies to compiling a register of every Hackney-based voluntary organisation and a list of every member of staff belonging to them.

Hackney's intention is to stamp out any potential for corruption — for example, council officers doing favours for bodies which receive town hall funding, or councillors helping groups with which they have an interest. Not only must staff reveal their Saturday morning stints down the notorious local "Waste" market, but they will also be expected to list hobbies, club memberships and affiliations to local churches or synagogues.

Of course anyone on the fiddle in Hackney is hardly likely to spell it out on the council form, but Hackney chiefs don't seem to have thought of that one.

TOWER HAMLETS

THE King Canute-like efforts of Liberal Democrat councillors in Tower Hamlets to cover up the growing scandal of corruption in the borough's street market panel continue apace. The respected QC John Hendy recently published the findings of his £29,000 inquiry into the sale and illegal sub-letting of lucrative pitches in the borough's markets. The 364-page report accused market panel chair and local Lib-Dem supremo John Snooks of "deep-rooted and systematic corruption", and named two other councillors, Betty Wright and ex-mayor Jeremy Shaw, as having been at the heart of a web of backhanders and fraudulent practices.

Hendy was brought in by the council's head of legal services, Richard Ward, with assistance from his then deputy, Mariel Foreman, after undercover police discovered a racket in the sale of pitches by council officials. Snooks' reacted swiftly by commissioning his own report, which — suprise, surprise — totally exonerated councillors and claimed that the racket was down to a couple of corrupt officials. In fact, as Hendy revealed, Betty Wright had been illegally sub-letting her aunt's stall in the now infamous Pitch 67, a prime spot in the borough's Wentworth Street market.

This is not the first time that Betty "The Bung" has got her fingers burned over her unorthodox approach to her responsibilities as a councillor. She was named in the infamous fake election leaflet scandal (see *Eye* 784), and has also been the centre of scandalous and doubtless unsubstantiated allegations about the disposal of a council property for redevelopment. Despite having been put out to tender, the property was not sold to the highest bidder, and a string of embarrassing questions from Inspector Knacker followed.

Quite how far and high up the corruption reaches is hard to tell, but Richard Ward — who probably knows better than most — has recently left his job under mysterious circumstances. His erstwhile deputy, meanwhile, has been moved sideways to the child protection division.

The whole sordid affair looks set to end in an orgy of back-stabbing and recrimination, as councillors struggle to save their jobs and reputations. Meanwhile, Hendy's report is being studied with interest at the office of the director of public prosecutions.

DOVER

A GROUP of six families rescued by church workers from the war in Bosnia, having fled for their lives across the continent, arrived to a friendly welcome when they got off the ferry at Dover.

District council housing director Chris Barnett played the immigration card — declaring that the refugees would jump the queue for council houses and become a permanent drain on the poll tax if they were then turned over to Kent's social services department.

He declared: "It would have been much better for them to have been found somewhere near Split, near their own homes, where people speak their own language, rather than be taken to a foreign country."

MURKEYSIDE

CASH-STRAPPED Liverpool City Council claims to be launching an offensive to recover massive debts owed to it by the public. Unpaid poll tax alone comes to £120 million, plus huge amounts of dosh owed in rent arrears and other charges.

Recovery of debts should, however, begin closer to home. The *Eye* revealed in August last year that two senior council officers were loaned £325,000 between them for house purchases, in at least one of the cases as an interest-free loan (*Eye* 775). Since then, details of such cosy financial arrangements have been buried so deep in the turgid minutes of the policy and resources committee that hardly any of the 99 elected representatives know anything about them. At least one senior council officer still has a substantial loan outstanding, but councillors and electors continue to be kept in the dark.

Liverpool's chief officers are now proposing to offer £6,000 cash incentives to "woo" any of their kind to top jobs in the city. Why it is not possible to recruit suitable candidates from a county of over two million inhabitants, without offering juicy financial carrots, has not been explained.

Also of interest is the lack of success certain well-meaning councillors have had in getting councillors and officers to come out about their membership of the freemasons. The head of legal services, Phil Taylor opined: "If a councillor's membership of the freemasons is likely to influence his or her (sic!) conduct, speech or vote, then it is the member's responsibility to follow the guidance given." Trebles and funny handshakes all round!

We know, of course, that council leader Harry Rimmer is *not* a mason because he said in full council "I am not a member of the brotherhood" after much leftie barracking of the "roll-up-your-trouser-leg" variety. Such a firm denial of masonic ties guaranteed him many years service on the Murkeyside police authority, where masonic membership is, of course, almost unheard of.

BIRMINGHAM

A SHABBY war has broken out over a series of deals surrounding the building of new halls at the National Exhibition Centre in Solihull.

Tarmac, who built the halls, is suing the NEC's owners, Birmingham city council, for a final price of £68 million on the Hall Nine project, which it completed in 1989.

Tarmac had promised to build the halls for £41 million — but says blunders by the city and by its project controllers delayed work for so long that the company should be paid much more.

In a cunning move it persuaded the city to go to binding arbitration — and then lodged a case so complicated that it will last 14 weeks and cost another £2 million in fees for m'learned friends.

Now the city is getting frightened. In a secret report chief executive Roger Taylor has told council leader Sir "Dick" Knowles to offer to make a secret settlement — even though it will cost the city millions.

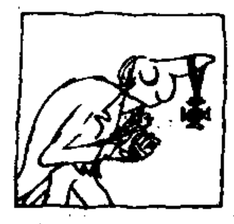
If Taylor and Knowles have their way, poll tax payers will remain blissfully ignorant of where their money has gone, even though interest on the extra cash will wipe out the NEC's profits for years.

Tarmac's claim is worth an extra £15 million on top of the £53 million already spent on Hall Nine — exactly equivalent to the losses the blundering construction giant made in the first half of the year.

In a bid to save face, Taylor and his sidekick, city solicitor Stuart Dobson, have decided to find a scapegoat in Francis Graves, who was project controller and whose firm acted as chartered surveyors for the scheme. Graves's firm is in serious financial trouble and far less able than Tarmac to fight off the city.

The city has a history of letting down its contractors. More than 100 firms which helped build the international convention centre have been left stranded while the city fights claims for cash — driven mainly by its own incompetence, which saw it underestimate the final price of £180 million by £60 million.

O·B·N



I record with deep regret the death during the year of former chairman Robert Maxwell... Robert Maxwell served as a director of Derby County from 1984 to 1991, spending the final four years as chairman. During his time with the Club Derby County rose from the Third Division to the First and back to the Second and, although he had his critics within football, the 'Maxwell Years' will always be remembered at the Baseball Ground.

Derby County FC Annual Report

Whenever Charles and Diana are together in public, as at the service at Westminster remembering the nation's war heroes, they seem at ease in each other's company and work together as a perfect team, taking the monarchy into the next millennium.

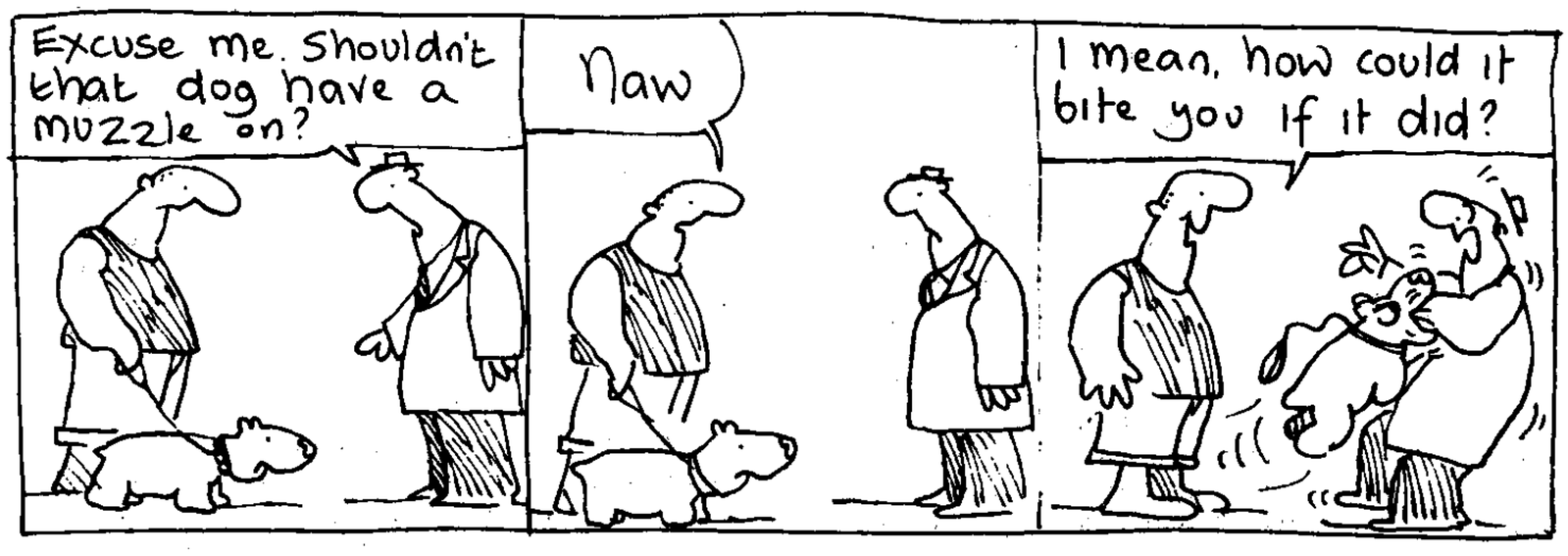
Hello

Submitted by Graham R. Ritchie, Leslie-Ann Ginsmith.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

YOBS

HUSBAND



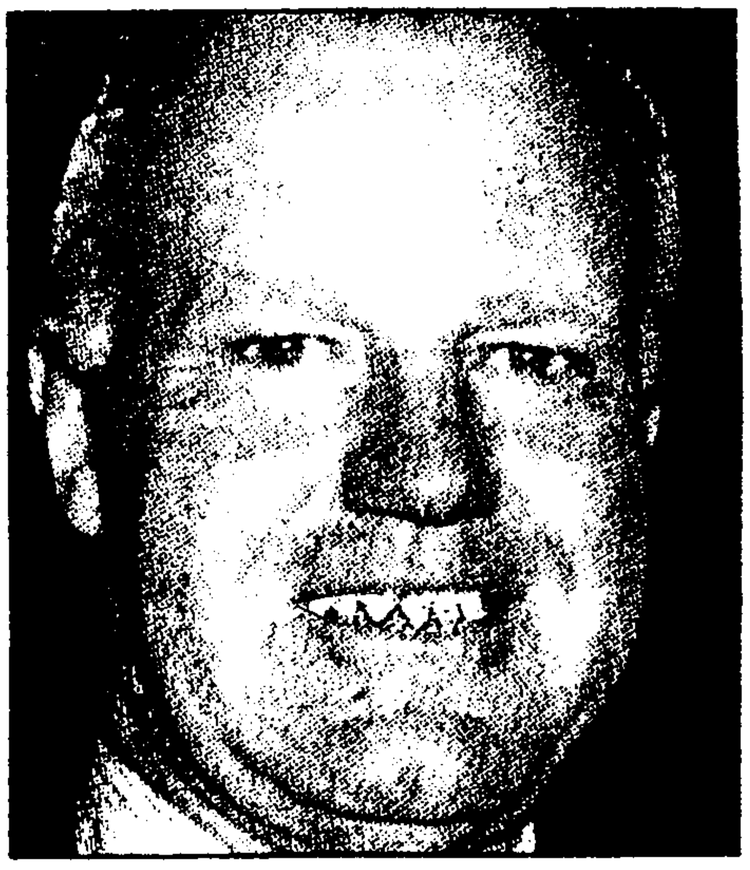
NOOKS and CORNERS

SO FAREWELL then, English Heritage! It may not be the end — yet — but the "strategy for the future" unveiled by the chairman, Jocelyn "Piranha Teeth" Stevens, last week is certainly the beginning (if not the middle) of the end. It was, of course, to be expected that the new chairman would terrorise and sack many of the staff of English Heritage — after all, Stevens has his reputation as a typewriter-throwing maniac to live up to — but some of us prayed that he would not be content to preside over the decline of the organisation. Vain hope! Piranha Teeth's proposals will emasculate *and weaken* the quango, making it even less effective in opposing those who seek to mutilate or sweep away historic buildings. Which, of course, is precisely what the Government really wants.

It is not yet clear who is responsible for these proposals. They may well have been secretly hatched with the approval of the unlamented Dave Mellor, the disgraced Heritage minister who sacrificed Pitchford Hall in a vain attempt to salvage his political career — damn him. But the moving force was undoubtedly the civil servants who have infested and bedeviled English Heritage ever since it was established by Heseltine back in 1984. Inspectors and historians who have wanted to get on with the job of protecting "heritage" are more and more impeded by the bureaucrats' obsession with "management" (which seems to absorb some 23 per cent of English Heritage's total income), although the recent National Audit Office report noted the inefficiency and lethargy of the organisation.

Civil servants always are suspicious of things they cannot understand or quantify — like passion, commitment, history, beauty and architecture — and they particularly disliked anomalies such as the fact that English Heritage inherited the historic buildings division of the Greater London Council along with its power of direction over listed buildings. The London division ought to be the model for the rest of the organisation; instead, it is to be broken. Stevens proposes to surrender the power of direction over Grade II listed buildings to the generally incompetent and bankrupt London boroughs — many of which do not even have a conservation officer. This plan was made by Paul Drury, an archaeologist who had once worked for English Heritage and who was brought back as deputy head of the London division (a non-job which need not exist) by Jennifer Page, the all-powerful chief executive of English Heritage.

But we must not blame the highly-paid bureaucrats alone. The real villains are the politicians. Never underestimate the sheer philistinism of the Conservative Party. Selling off "category C" historic properties is pure dogma. These Thatcherite groupies are obsessed with privatising anything and everything, and are as blinkered and as dogmatic as the worst east European communist *apparatchik*. Also, never underestimate the sheer malice of the Conservative Party. They hate the London division of English Heritage simply because it is the last relic of the GLC. So it must be destroyed — even though the need for a metropolitan authority is increasingly recognised and minister Michael Howard even launched the "London Forum" two weeks ago.



There is more. Do not forget that one of the chief enemies of English Heritage is that generous friend of the Conservative Party and crony of Jocelyn Stevens, My Lord Palumbo. He has never forgiven the London division for fighting him at the two public inquiries provoked by his megalomaniac obsession with building a monument to himself by the Mansion House. This pompous peer, at once sinister and ridiculous, has identified himself closely with the Conservative government and has been rewarded with the chairmanship of the Arts Council. Now he has set up an architecture department expressly to undermine English Heritage. The man is motivated largely by revenge; now, thanks to Jocelyn, he is enjoying some. Beware of him!

Jocelyn Stevens claims he is "passionate" about "heritage". Maybe. His official report, *Managing England's Heritage*, notes that 7 per cent of the total of listed buildings "are at risk from neglect" and that "twice that number are in a vulnerable condition and need repair if they are not to fall into the risk category. People's concern for the environment and our heritage is growing." Absolutely true. Yet Stevens' answer is to limit the power and influence of English Heritage and to "focus our resources on Grade I and II* buildings..." Does he not understand that, on the whole, "highest quality" monuments are not at risk? It is the ordinary, Grade II historic buildings or buildings in conservation areas which create the historic character of England and which are most in danger from neglect or mutilation with UPVC windows. Does he not realise that the local authorities on whom he wishes to rely to do English Heritage's job are also starved of cash, are also shedding staff and are unable or, usually, unwilling to care about "our heritage"?

Perhaps not. Never mind. Soon Piranha Teeth will move on to destroy another institution. Meanwhile English Heritage will concern itself with management and publicity and promoting a handful of pretty houses and archaeological sites while the rest of England is made safe for market forces. Soon the Vision of England of Thatcher and Major will become a total reality — motorways, out-of-town shopping centres, executive housing estates — while the past can take care of itself, or not, as the case may be. For there will be no tiresome inspectors from English Heritage trying to impose some civilised standards on the nation's behalf.

'Piloti'

Bankers

LIKE many companies in these difficult times, Cradley Castings of Halesowen have suffered several bad debts from customers going into receivership.

So they have tightened up their conditions of sale. As a result, in most bad debt situations Cradley have resolved all matters amicably with the receivers dealing with separate creditors by proving their "retention of title clause" under which ruling "goods shall remain the property of the seller until the buyer has paid all sums due from the buyer to the seller".

Since all the company's castings are under patent they are easy to identify. The company and the receivers jointly sign a document to the effect that as a creditor they should be reimbursed.

Early in 1992 one of their customers went into receivership. Cradley Castings was owed £5,000, of which £3,000 was identified at their premises under the "title claim". But the large accountancy firm dealing with the receivership decided, through their solicitors, to reject Cradley's claim to payment.

Counsel for Cradley Castings assured the firm that they had a good case should litigation arise, but pointed out that there was always the possibility of failure, taking into consideration the ability of a good legal representative to convince the judge in favour of the receivers.

Since Cradley Castings is a small firm struggling to deal with the problems of the recession they felt that they could ill-afford to pay up to £8,000 in legal fees in order to recover the £3,000, especially as there was the chance that they could lose.

They were offered £750 as a lump sum by the receiver (which in itself is surely an acknowledgement of the fact that their claim was justified).

As Mr Bev Pegg, chairman of Cradley Castings, says: "Liquidators are looking after the banks' interests first and foremost. Obviously if they do this all down the line they could save the banks a lot of money."

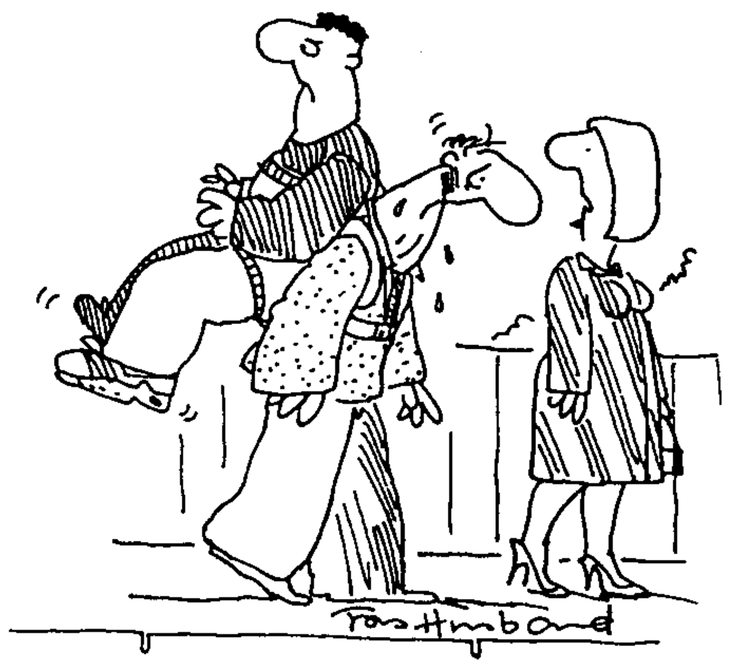
ANDREW ADAMSON, a customer of Barclays Bank in London's High Holborn — which now pompously calls itself "Barclays Bank Business Centre" — spends much of his time in Spain.

He asked Barclays to make regular transfers to his account at the Banco Andalucia. When he set up the arrangement he was told that such standing orders were not subject to charges.

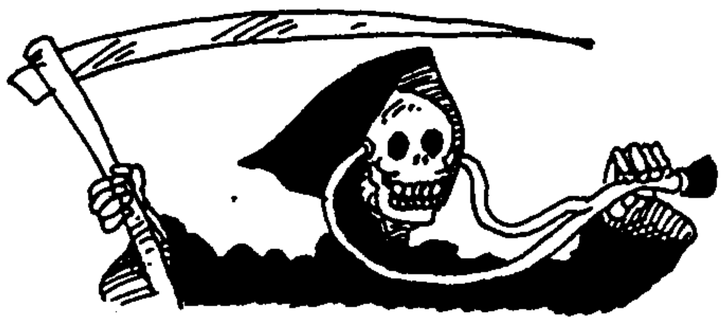
Two weeks after he sent off the forms he was told that this was not entirely correct. Barclays said there would be a charge of £21 for each £500 transferred. This charge did not include currency exchange; sterling was sent to the Spanish Bank who in their turn charged commission on the exchange, about £2.50.

Mr Adamson decided to scrap the arrangement with Barclays and use the Halifax international funds transfer service instead. The fee is £1.50 a time and the money is sent in pesetas — so there are no exchange charges. The exchange rate is better, too. All in all, Mr Adamson is some £25 a month better off using the Halifax service.

Barclays, instead of making around £20 a month, now pays a standing order to the Halifax for which there is no fee and loses the use of the money for the time it is with the Halifax earning interest and awaiting transfer.



"...and for your own sake, too, Philip, you'll have to accept he's not a baby any more..."



DOING THE ROUNDS

THE failure of London ambulance service's new £1.5 million computerised call-out system, which was last week alleged to have resulted in up to 20 deaths and led to the resignation of LAS chief executive John Wilby, was the most spectacular example so far of the chaotic state of a service which has been heading for collapse for months.

It should give health secretary Virginia Bottomley pause for thought before she ploughs ahead with Sir Bernard Tomlinson's decimation of the capital's teaching hospitals.

Despite widespread complaints and a number of earlier fatalities, she has declined to restore cuts in crew levels in order to keep within this year's budget. The further workload piled on LAS by the closure of many casualty departments could be the final straw.

Newham's two emergency stations recently took more than half-an-hour to reach three heart attack victims, two of whom died. LAS was also unable to provide a single ambulance from any of the nearest 18 stations after a woman collapsed in East Ham Sainsbury's, though an ambulance *did* arrive to take a woman from Ilford to an outpatient appointment at St Thomas' hospital — a mere nine hours late.

LAS's claim that emergencies have to take priority seems a bit thin when another ambulance took 22 hours to attend to an emergency call-out from an elderly diabetic lady in Sheen, south-west London.

LAS, which employs just 1500 crew members and costs less than £40 million a year to run, has been contracted out to the four Thames regional health authorities in the hope of increasing its efficiency. None of the proposed rostering of staff was pre-tested and many shifts have been left even thinner on the ground; in north-east London, crew rostering has been cut by 45 per cent on some shifts to keep within budget. Only 11 per cent of London emergencies are attended within seven minutes, compared with 70 per cent in Merseyside and 50 per cent in the West Midlands.

● AT THE doomed **Charing Cross Hospital**, the decision to close the diabetic ward (*Eye* 802), was cleverly timed to deprive the ward sister of her maternity leave. And at the similarly doomed **St Bartholomew's**, chief executive Dr Ken Grant (*Eyes passim*) has mercifully included himself among 400 redundancies.

At the **Brompton Hospital** on Fulham Road, an artist commissioned to paint a mural for the cystic fibrosis ward put in seven weeks preparatory work only to be told that payment was to be deferred indefinitely because of "reorganization" — which involved sacking most of the staff and then offering some their jobs back at half the money and non-negotiable conditions.

● ELSEWHERE in London, **Riverside Health Authority** have included a "Condom Evaluation Worker" on their September vacancy list to work at the World's End Health Centre on the King's Road. Applicants should contact Fiona Roberts on 081 846 6388 — although the post is likely to be filled internally.

● MANAGERS at **Southampton General Hospital** have come up with a novel fund-raising idea. They have leased a unit in the foyer shopping mall to Compensation Direct, a "no win, no fee" compensation recovery service, A doctor posing as an aggrieved relative was greeted with great enthusiasm and swiftly referred to a medical negligence lawyer. Although the cost of successful claims is now met by the hospital, the management were blissfully unaware of this imprudent leasing. Presumably the oversight was due to their haste to collect revenue before applying for trust status.

● **LINCOLNSHIRE**'s hospitals have joined in the pay-to-park scam for patients, relatives and staff. At **Boston**'s Pilgrim hospital, there are no alternative spaces and everyone is being stung. However, a similar scheme at **Lincoln County Hospital** resulted in visitors parking in nearby streets for free. This so enraged the management that they liaised with the local council, who have since daubed the surrounding streets with yellow paint.

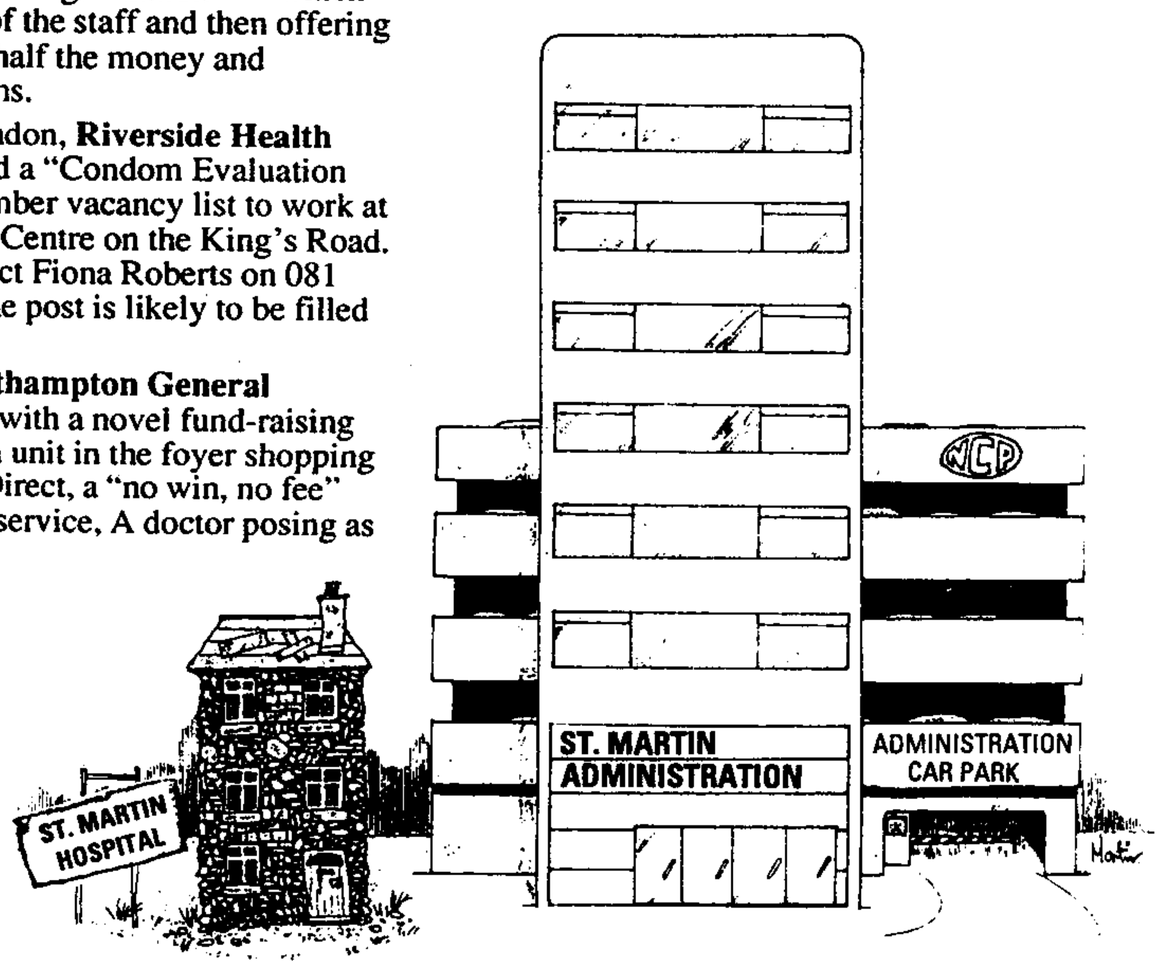
● **ST BARTHOLOMEW'S Hospital** in **Rochester, Kent,** is known for the trolley queues in its accident department, where unsupervised casualties have been known to fall off and compound their injuries. Corpses are also left unattended on trolleys, covered only by a blanket and inviting chance discovery by relatives. The practice is only now being reviewed because a relative who worked for the BBC threatened to go public.

● **THE South-West regional health authority** (SWRHA) ran its own expert payroll section for many years until April 1991, when the supplies function broke away to become Health Care Supplies South-West. This was an independent company which purchased the payroll services and appointed a smaller company, RMS of Bristol, to handle invoices for "day to day" stock items. RMS quickly ran into difficulties and was at one stage refused credit, much to the annoyance of Mike Fearson, a partner and, curiously, also an ex-SWHRA employee.

From last month, NHS supplies staff throughout the UK have been employed by a new body, the NHS Supplies Authority, which has awarded the south-west payroll contract to RMS, despite its lack of experience in NHS pay and conditions of service. How did RMS win the contract in preference to the vastly more experienced SWRHA? Could it be that Arthur Wilson, acting general manager of SWRHA, and Jack Sparrow, head of information services at SWRHA, are also silent partners in RMS?

● **WEST MIDLANDS RHA** has joined **Wessex RHA** (*Eye* 804) in wasting millions on redundant computer equipment bought from AT&T Istel. The £4 million Healthtrac system was purchased by Chris Watney, ex-director of regionally managed services, who also blew £2.5 million on a firm of American management consultants. Mr Watney, accused by the district auditor of a "cavalier disregard for the standards of conduct expected of public officers", swiftly departed on a round-the-world yachting trip. Now WMRHA, facing a £12 million overspend, plans to close **Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital** and two **Birmingham** hospitals prior to its trust application for the Walsgrave. Meanwhile, Healthtrac has been scrapped and replaced with a new system, ominously run by the NHS Supplies Authority.

M.D.



Letters

Sunk without trace

Sir,

Remember, Remember, the Fifth of November.

Lest we forget that on this day, one year ago, that evil scumbag and rogue of the century — Robert Maxwell — was found floating like a beached whale (sic) *off the Canary Islands. No doubt to keep an urgent appointment via the short sea route with his demoniac master.*

And also let there be no crocodile tears for poor Pandora/Kevin/Ian and sweet Betty of that ilk who are bravely "pigging" it out in millionaire splendour pending investigations into the missing billions.

MGN PENSIONER,

London SW1.

"I think you know everybody — Jones the Dole, Jones the Redundancy, Jones the UB40, Jones the YTS..."

All MOD cons

Sir,

Ah yes — defence reporters doubling as drama critics again. You shouldn't believe everything you hear from the MOD — or indeed from the DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Vis a vis the authenticity — it appears that out of the six episodes the only actual detail mooted as "unauthentic" was the wearing of the beret and the epaulette by "Mad Taff" in Episode 2.

Real life models — sorry, wrong again — 20 ex-paras were part of the research group, but the characters are fictional.

Desperate reshooting for Episodes 5 and 6 — alas NO — not the case. Again your informants have got it wrong.

Re the Belfast sequence and paras not allowed to interview women and children without a female soldier present. The event depicted is based on incidents which are on record. The soldiers acting in the sequence were actually ex-paras who felt we didn't go far enough!

Desmond Melbourne was in the Parachute Regiment — however he was not an officer and a gentleman but a sergeant. Perhaps this is what irks.

RUTH CALEB,

Producer, "Civvies", BBC TV, London W12.

Para annoyed

Sir,

Thanks for spelling my name right. Well done! Of course when you get things wrong you do it in style, as you did in your "Civvies" article (23.10.92). Ex Para Sean Raymond, encouraged by 10th Para, peddled the same article around Fleet Street for three weeks and you were the only mackerel to bit. In these troubled times, thank God for the SUN.

My solicitor says it would be too boring to sue you.

Better luck next time.

Yours sincerely,
KARL FRANCIS,

London W11.

Mind reader

Sir,

What a thoroughly unpleasant lot you are. Gael Elton Mayo, who died two weeks ago, was an exceptionally brave, good and lovely woman, as anyone who met her even briefly (as I did) or read her books could tell you. It seems to me admirable that someone of these qualities should be remembered in a national newspaper, and that you should allow your dislike of Donald Trelford to lead you to overlook the justice of the OBSERVER*'s piece on October 18th is evidence of a very nasty set of minds indeed.*

Yours faithfully,
CHRISTOBEL KENT,

London SE17.

Frank Field

Sir,

Some time ago you carried a piece about Angela Eagle for which you have published an apology. I write to you about the reference you make to me in the same article. You cite what appears to be three facts about me. Each of them is wrong. I am not anti-abortion. You will see if you had bothered to check my voting record in the House of Commons that I have consistently voted for an abortion time limit of one week below the chances of the foetus being born alive and surviving.

You say I am to the right of General Synod. My co-option to General Synod was not renewed because of my position on women priests. This you get wrong too. I have consistently held the position of being in favour of women priests.

You say I am in favour of opposing women candidates for parliament. In normally **(sic)** *circumstances I am in favour of parties choosing their own candidates.*

You also express a judgement that I am "flakey". Given the dictionary definition of that term I think you would find it difficult to sustain in court. For your information the entry reads that a flakey person is someone who is apparently crazy.

FRANK FIELD MP,

House of Commons, London SW1.

Black and white

Sir,

In the last month alone I have seen Garry Bushell call for a relaxation of immigration controls for the Hong Kong Chinese, praise the multi-racial Gladiators, back the miners, praise Craig Charles and in the SUN *published the very same day as* PRIVATE EYE*'s HackWatch he described black comedian Ian Irving as "brilliant".*

It is hard to see what any NF supporter would find to agree with here.

Yours faithfully,
P.J. WELLINGS,

London SE3.

...and read

Sir,

I was so worried by your report on Garry Bushell that I rushed out and bought the SUN *to read his shocking subversive column.*

I noticed he was raving about a so-called satirical show called HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, *clearly a front for a bunch of raving fascists. Please investigate the political bent of this Hislop character he mentions immediately.*

More damning evidence: Bushell raves about a man called Irving! But it isn't despicable David, it's a black comedian called Ian. He then calls votes cast for the neo-Nazi BNP "worrying".

A reader with less insight than a PRIVATE EYE *smear merchant might suspect Garry's allegedly "extreme" views are not so much hidden as non-existent.*

Or have we reached a stage when an expression of patriotism is all the proof one needs to be deemed "suspect" by the self-satisfied London media elite?

Yours faithfully,
KAREN HENDERSON,

Mill Lane, Lancs.

Lookalike

Madonna **Threadworms**

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the remarkable resemblance between the notorious singer Madonna as pictured in the OBSERVER *and this leaflet describing threadworms and their treatment?*

Do you think by any chance they are contagious?

Yours sincerely,
RHODRI DAVIES,

Trearddur Bay, Gwynedd.

Foot sore

Sir,

*Although greatly amused by your Madonna/Ingrams "toe sucking" lookalike (*EYE *805) I feel I must point out that "paediatric" means "of or pertaining to children's medicine" and has nothing to do with feet (except, of course, the feet of sick children).*

I suspect you were groping for some other word derived from the Latin "pes", rather than trying to peddle a rumour that the pride of PRIVATE EYE*'s pedigree has paedophile tendencies in wishing to play doctors and nurses with the nation's children. I fear he would find this rather a pedestrian pursuit.*

Are you losing your grip on what's afoot? I think we should be told.

Yours pedantically,
STEVE RUDD,

Carlton, S. Yorks.

Blackballed

Sir,

Roy Lynk, president of the breakaway UDM, is an opportunist and as genuine as a nine bob note.

During the 1984 miners' strike he was a traitor to his then union the NUM and brown-nosed the bosses and the Thatcher government.

Arthur Scargill might be a loud-mouthed firebrand, but he has been proven right whereas Lynk is shown up as the humbug he always was.

As for his sit-in at Silverdale, as any miner knows, the pit bottom where he would have spent his time is a well-lit high vaulted white painted area, having a comfortable heated office with telephone etc. Hot food was sent down to him and his cronies.

How he came to get his face blacked before emerging from his stay is anybody's guess.

Yours etc.,
LES KENT,

Stamford, Lincs.

Turning off the Taff water

Sir,

I was disappointed to read your article attacking Welsh Water over lead levels in drinking water, for it contained a number of inaccuracies as well as perpetuating a common misconception.

First of all, may I correct the misleading notion that we supply our customers with lead-contaminated water, by stating quite clearly that drinking water supplied from our treatment works does not contain lead.

The principle cause of lead contamination in tap water is from domestic plumbing which, rather like domestic electricity wiring, is the responsibility of the individual homeowner.

Recognising the concern of many of our customers, we were the first water company to introduce a system of grants — of up to £150 per household — to help homeowners with the cost of replacing old lead plumbing.

Lead communication pipes, which are the responsibility of the water company, also contribute to the problem, but over the next five years Dwr Cymru (Welsh Water) will annually replace an average of 18,000 communication pipes at a cost of nearly £5 million.

Next, the inaccuracies! You stated that the water regulator OFWAT had cut the level of Welsh Water's planned price increases. This is not true.

The Company took the decision voluntarily to cut projected price increases by 1.5 per cent over the next three years, a full five months before OFWAT instructed other water companies to follow suit.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN E. JONES,

Chairman, Welsh Water, Cardiff.

Floydian slip

Sir,

I would like to register my disgust at your cheap, insensitive and ill informed jibe at Tower Hamlets Council over the Floyd Construction issue.

The authority did not "proudly" announce that it was retaining this company on our approved list of contractors. The Council was required, by Government legislation, to accept the lowest tender for the emergency repair contract finally awarded to Floyd's. Since the Health & Safety Executive had given Floyd a clean bill on health, in July last year, we were unable to invoke a breach of their requirements as grounds of refusal of the tender.

The Council realised at the time of the accident that it did not have the power to remove Floyd's from its list of approved contractors. This was a serious gap, which has now been remedied.

Yours sincerely,
CLLR GYLES GLOVER.

Chair, Performance Review Ctte, Tower Hamlets Council.

"You look like you've just seen a ghost"

I-SPY

Limasol, Cyprus

Submitted by R. Newman. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

All good fundamentalists

Sir,

When Christians, secularists or anybody else who isn't Muslim win a fair and free election the gutter press describes them as "democratic".

When Muslims win a fair and free election the gutter press describes them as "mad mullahs", "fanatics", "loonies" and "fundamentalists".

In "Letter from Algeria" (EYE *No. 805), Algerian Muslims were labelled as "mad mullahs", "fanatics", "loonies" and "fundamentlists" for supporting the Islamic Salvation Front in fair and free local and national elections.*

One question comes to mind: are PRIVATE EYE *and the gutter press by any chance related? I think we should be told.*

Yours faithfully,
A. SMITH,

London NW1.

Home free

Sir,

Grovel's fans in Oxford City Council were deeply saddened to read his report on Headington Hill Hall which dismally failed to reach the standards normally displayed in your splendid organ.

I am happy to accede to his request for a simple explanation, which is that the Tory Party controlled the Council when the lease was originally granted to Capt. Bob. The terms of the lease to PHL Estates Ltd, permit subletting arrangements for up to 21 years without the necessity to obtain the landlord's consent. Mrs Maxwell has such a sub-tenancy of the residential part of the property.

This is not a secret arrangement as Grovel implies, anyone who is familiar with Oxford City Council will know that it is almost impossible for anything the Council does to be secret. At the risk of boring readers with details, can I refer Grovel to the minutes of the very public Council meeting of 20th September 1978? Francis Wheen, in his recent INDEPENDENT *magazine article, had no problem establishing the issues; perhaps Grovel needs to reconsider his research techniques.*

Yours sincerely,
CLLR PHYLLIS STARKEY,

Leader Oxford City Council.

Old plonker

Sir,

In your issue 805 you refer to Lord Archer's practice of serving non-vintage Krug champagne at his parties, and you quote a rival host's suggestion that this wine is inferior to the vintage 1985 Pol Roger served by him. Any wine lover will tell you that not only is non-vintage Krug superior to any other champagne, whether non-vintage or vintage, it is superior even to vintage Krug, which is produced by the House of Krug with a certain weary acknowledgement that the market demands it.

Champagne, unique among the world's great wines, is a blend both of several varieties of grape and of wine from a number of different vintages. Vintage champagne is thus something of an aberration, and given its elevated price is almost always poorer value than non-vintage.

SIMON WILSON,

London SW18.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"His return gives England another key to its bow."
STUART PEARCE, Sky Sports
(S. Simpson)

"It was one of those goals that's invariably a goal"
DENIS LAW, ITV
(Raymond Donaghey)

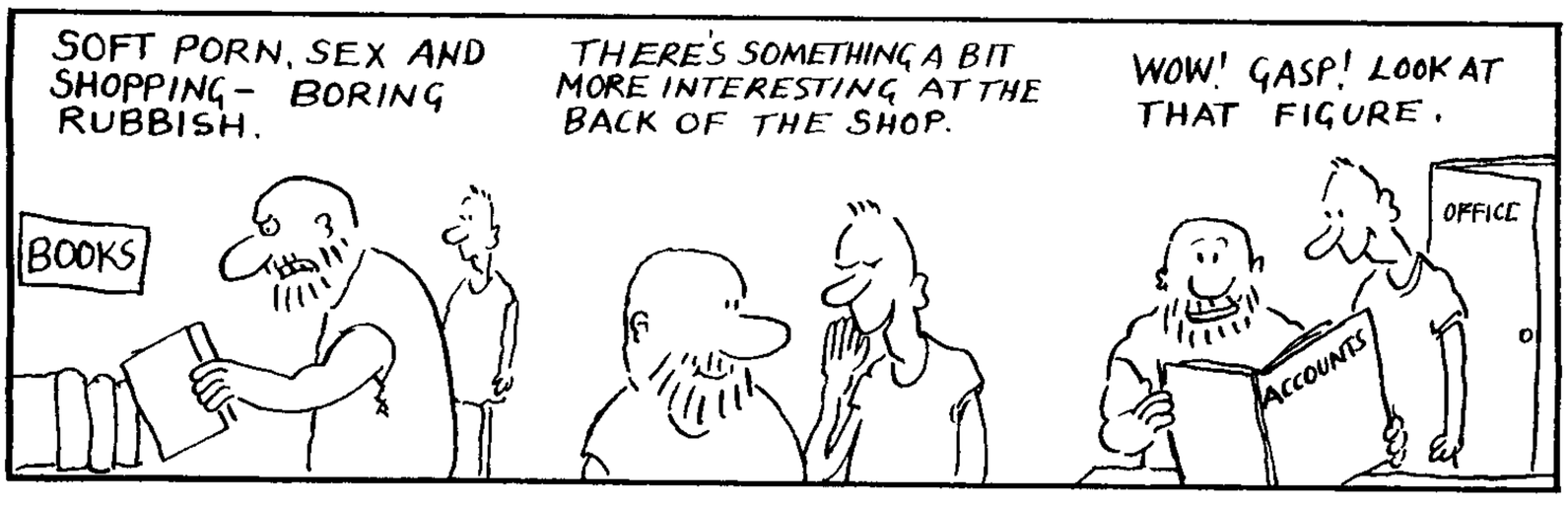
"It's not something you can do like a fairy godmother from the top of a Christmas tree."
MICHAEL HESELTINE, Channel 4
(Mark Parker)

Lord Sainsbury: *My father opened a dairy in Drury Lane.*
Sue Lawley: *What did he sell?*
Lord Sainsbury: *Well... dairy produce...*
Desert Island Discs
(P.D. Sheehan)

"The sands of time are chiming towards the twenty-first century."
SALLY JESSY RAPHAEL, Channel 7 (Australia)
(John T.D. Wood)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN


SOFT PORN, SEX AND SHOPPING - BORING RUBBISH.
BOOKS
THERE'S SOMETHING A BIT MORE INTERESTING AT THE BACK OF THE SHOP.
WOW! GASP! LOOK AT THAT FIGURE.
OFFICE
ACCOUNTS

Letter From **Uzbekistan**

from Our Own Correspondent

INDEPENDENCE brings changes. Here in ex-Soviet central Asia, our republics are no longer simply remote provinces of Moscow, but have seats in the United Nations. We now have foreign embassies and our own national flags, although we still use the devalued rouble and Soviet postage stamps.

Independence does strange things to men. Our president, Islam Karimov, is a bureaucrat; a dull economist without a trace of political flair. As first secretary of our Communist party, he listened to advice. But as president he is busy concentrating power in his own hands.

Karimov is even starting a personality cult. Most government offices are now decorated with his portrait in place of Lenin's. He has also published a Chairman Mao-style little red book, except it consists of empty cliches on the bright future facing Uzbekistan, rather than revolutionary exhortations. The first printing of 150,000 copies sold out as sycophantic schools and colleges ordered individual copies for all students.

An inquest is still going on about the recent bust-up between the president and prime minister, Mir Saidov. Most people agree that our not-so-great leader became jealous after a spate of foreign press articles suggested the prime minister was a more able man and, moreover, ambitious to succeed Karimov. Mir Saidov was offered an empty, honorific post in place of a real job. He refused. In September Mir Saidov fled to Moscow, claiming he was in danger of arrest.

Our "parliament" in Tashkent has few powers and little or no public respect. Most of its members were simply nominated by the Communist party four years ago. Very few of them debate issues or ever question government policy. The choice of title for the revamped Communist party — "People's Democratic Party" — strongly suggests the stale party dictatorships of eastern Europe, not a fresh start towards genuine democracy. Naturally enough, the state-controlled TV and press exist only to lavish praise on the government. Moscow's lively Russian language papers, which used to circulate freely before independence, are rarely seen in Tashkent these days.

Our weak and divided opposition parties find it difficult to publish, let alone circulate, their independent news sheets in Tashkent. Even so, there are signs of some welcome political changes. We don't have any political prisoners. Only one opposition politician has been attacked this year, with the government blandly claiming the savage beating was the work of "hooligans", not paid thugs of the interior ministry. New non-communist names have appeared. Lenin Square is now Independence Square. Russian language and culture are out, but Uzbek/Turkish is in.

Uzbekistan's long-serving dictator Sharaf Rashidov, who died 10 years ago and was at once vilified by Moscow-led reformers, is now the subject of a great celebration this month to mark his jubilee. It is meant to reconcile thousands of party functionaries who were disgraced or imprisoned in the 1980s after their part in a cotton scandal was revealed. The cynics say it also provides an opportunity for the government to cash in on Uzbek nationalism. Rashidov may have been a corrupt monster, but at least he was our monster, not a Russian.

Our capital, Tashkent, does not always have luck on its side. It had to be almost totally rebuilt after a devastating earthquake in 1966. But just before the Soviet Union disintegrated, and all public cash ran out, our fine metro system was completed, with trains running efficiently between beautiful new stations.

Our economy is in great confusion, with the slow transition away from state capitalism. The best organised sector is private trade, dominated by our very own mafia, thriving on collusion with top officials. That is why the word "mafia" (like "racket") has actually become part of the Uzbek language.

The renamed Communist party is stronger for having partners in power. Reports abound about big pay-offs for government ministers, as our version of capitalism takes shape, but of course none of these stories ever appears in our heavily-controlled media. Some of the hottest rumours circulating concern our president, who is said to have accumulated a multi-million dollar fortune banked in the US since he took over four years ago. Self-interest, not ideology, rules in Uzbekistan.

TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Illuminated by Bert Kitchen

"A TALKING goat has been roaming the hills of Jamaica," said Miss Adele Brown, of St Anne's Bay. "This goat appeared to my mother and me when we were out collecting pa fruit near Albany. The goat prophesied that unless the Green Party of Jamaica came to power very soon the destruction of our planet would accelerate. We asked the goat what we should do, and it said: 'There are no limits to creativity and no limits to subversion. Vote for any candidate opposed to the Year 2000 Party." Then it wandered off into the trees."

ADDRESSING the Committee of Enquiry, Mr G.R. M'bantee, Manager of the East Senegal (State) Power Company, said: "I could not close the factory because of our Worker Contracts. But I could not sell our electricity meters because nobody could pay for electricity. Nor could I liquidate our stocks (164,000 A, B and C-style meters), because the South and West Provinces, as the Committee has heard, have no electrical supply to meter. So I called the meeting in question. I told the workers: 'The Government has not given us any Guidelines.' Everybody began to shout: 'Give us Guidelines! Give us Guidelines!' As Manager I had to do something for my workers, so I thought of this creative turnaround. Everybody had the right to take as many meters as they could carry and the factory would close. This is, in fact, what happened. We applied fair distribution, which is in our Government Charter."

DURING his interview, Captain Logo said: "I am the youngest grandson of the Paramount Chief of American Samoa and as such I was the heir to the throne, but when I was chosen as Captain of the North Carolina State Football Team, I had to decide between football and politics. I chose football. My uncle became Ruler for Life. It really hits me when I am alone."

MR SAMSON TEMPO, the Tree-Dweller of Mhweli (*Eye* 791) has asked the local authorities to protect him against religious people, social workers and tourists. "Last month," he said, "I moved to a new tree further up in the mountains. Two days later Guru Batama and members of his Sat Sect arrived and tried to force me to come down by having my ex-wife and nine of my children stamp and cry underneath my branches during the night. I was saved by the arrival of another sect, the Yindual Herbal Guna. Moments after they reached my tree, they and the Sats attacked each other, each claiming to be the only people with the power to bring me down. Word soon spread, and now there are several hundred tourists camped nearby." Mr Michael Gotit, head of the Mhweli Community, said: "In future, those wishing to bring Mr Tempo down must have written permission from me."

INFORMATION: Brisbane Telegraph 16.9.92; Senegal Newsletter 4.9.92; Florida Herald 15.10.92; Daily Champion 17.9.92. MONITORS: Norman Reynolds, Andy Hockey, F. Harvey, Robert Harland.

The Alternative Rocky Horror Service Book

No. 94. The Blessing Of On-Going Same-Sex Relationships Between Meaningful Adults

The President *(Bishop Spong, for it is he or she):* Dearly and openly beloved brothers and sisters. We are gathered together here today to share the sacrament of safe sex between N— or N— (here he shall name the consenting adults who wish to be joined together in wholly ludicrous matrimony). Who giveth this condom unto this man?

N: I do.

President: Who receiveth this condom?

N: I do.

President: Then I must ask you both to say after me: "I hereby give you this condom as a symbol of my belief in safe sex, and my admiration for Elizabeth Taylor."

(There shall then be played a suitable piece of music, as it may be "Over The Rainbow" by Judy Garland, or "It's Raining Men" by the Weather Girls. If those to be joined together are of a female orientation, then the exchange of condoms shall be replaced by selected recitations from Ms Jeanette Winterson. It may be "Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit", or it may be some similar work. There shall then be a reading from the Gospel According To Spong)

"And it came to pass that he took unto himself twelve young men, none of whom were married. And they went about together, eating, drinking and going to parties. And he said unto them "If any man would leave his father and his mother and follow, then I shall show him a good time, for I know all the places.

And there were two women living in the same house, Mary and Martha, who were clearly, you know what. I mean it's obvious, isn't it?"

Here ends the reading.

The President shall then invite the congregation to join with him in the Kiss, or some such similar act of physical contact denoting the Sacrament of Same Sex Relationships. The congregation shall then sing something appropriate from *100 Hymns For The Gay*. **It may be No. 94, "Would You Like To Abide With Me?"**

NEXT WEEK: A Service of Consolation for the Break-up of a Same-Sex Relationship (including the division of the Shirley Bassey record collection, or it may be the motor cycle boots).

©SPCGay Publishing Co, with Foreword by the Bishop of Durham.

A Doctor writes

AS a doctor, I am often asked: "Is the Prime Minister cracking up?"

There is no simple answer to this question.

What happens is that the Prime Minister, or 'patient', as we doctors call him, begins to imagine that everybody hates him and that they are all out to get him.

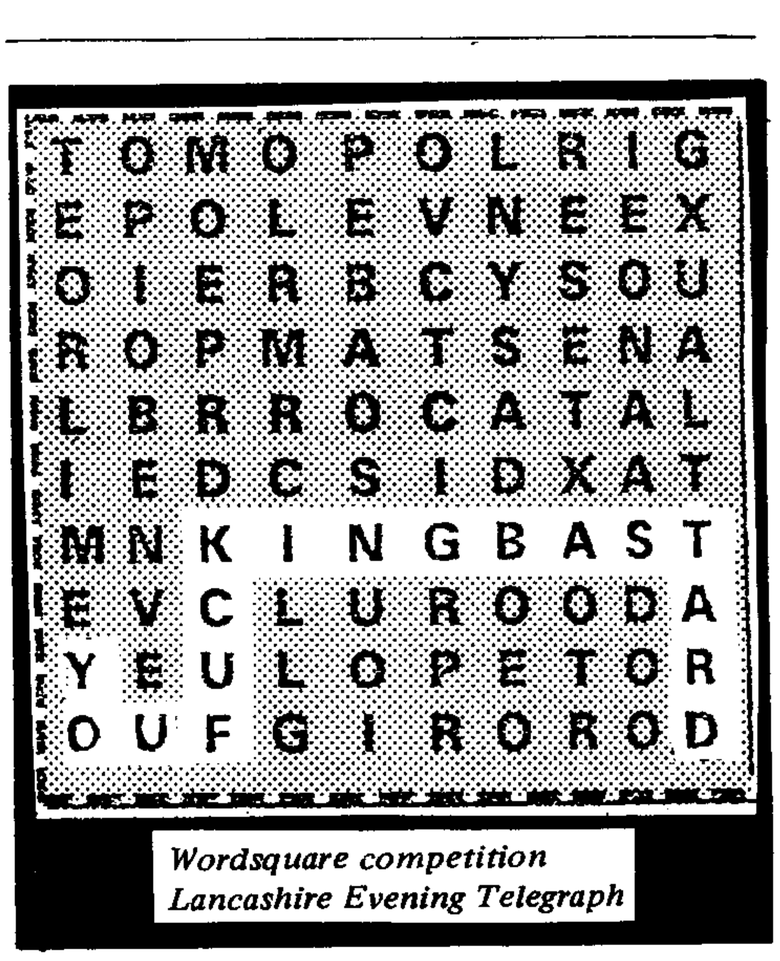
This condition is known as Harold Wilson's Syndrome, or *Paranoia majoris majoris*, to give it the full medical name.

However the problem is compounded in extreme cases by the fact that everybody *does* hate the Prime Minister and they *are* all out to get him.

If you are John Major you should immediately seek professional psychiatric advice.

© *A. Doctor*

"Honey, I'm Homer"


T O M O P O L R I G
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M N K I N G B A S T
E V C L U R O O D A
Y E U L O P E T O R
O U F G I R O R O D

Wordsquare competition
Lancashire Evening Telegraph

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

Today Mr O'Donnell came in and told me we were going to Egypt for what he called "a publicity stunt". Apparently I am to have my photograph taken in front of the pyramids, to show that I am by no means at all worried about the fact that everything in Britain is in a mess, which it isn't. Mr O'Donnell told me that the purpose of the trip was to remind everyone of our great victory over the Germans all those years ago. "Don't be silly," I said, "it was only last month we sent them packing with my brilliant decision to leave the ERM." Quite honestly, I think he needs a holiday.

On the plane, Mr O'Donnell introduced me to some very friendly journalists and told me that I should give them an off-the-record briefing. I agreed that there could be no harm in this as we were miles up in the air, and there were no phones. Over a glassy of shandy and some cashew nuts (which I had not inconsiderable difficulty in extracting from the little plastic bag!), I told them in no uncertain terms that if people wouldn't back me, then I would jolly well have an election and they would all lose their seats. At this moment all the journalists fell off their seats, which was in my judgement very peculiar, since the captain had not announced any air turbulence.

Tuesday

Today I visited the famous Tomb of the Unknown Pharaoh. According to our guide, he was a little-known leader of his country who did not last long and died of stress. It was a very sad story, but for some reason all the journalists laughed. One of them had a copy of the Daily Telegraph with the headline "MAJOR TO CALL ELECTION — IS HE OFF HIS HEAD?" This made me very considerably angry. Oh yes. Not inconsiderably. Considerably angry in fact, in my judgement. I am now going to lie down for a considerable period of time. I am not to be disturbed on any account, I told my wife Norman. "It seems you are quite disturbed enough already," she said, giving me a smile not unsimilar in its inscrutability to the Sphinx, which we saw this morning before the Telegraph published these vile lies about me. It is getting very hot. Tomorrow we shall reach the North Pole. Of that I am sure.

Wednesday

[no entry recorded]

Thursday

I woke up this morning feeling much better. We are back in England. As soon as we arrived at Heathrow I bought a copy of the Times to see if I had resigned while I was away. Instead there was a most upsetting article saying that I had had a nervous breakdown and was becoming paranoid. What rubbish. These people are clearly out to get me.

I decided to call an emergency cabinet meeting to show my colleagues that I was completely in control, and was not going to be panicked into calling emergency cabinet meetings or anything like that. I began by asking them all to swear an oath of personal loyalty to me. Mr Heseltine said that he thought this was a brilliant idea, but that unfortunately he had a very urgent meeting with a man. "Give her one for me," said Norma Lamont, who seems to be under a great deal of stress these days.

When there was a silence, Mrs Bottomley said she would just like to bring something up. "You already have," said Norma, which surprised me considerably, since she had not yet said anything. When everyone had stopped laughing, Mrs Bottomley told us that she was going to close down all the hospitals in London. She explained that this would mean they wouldn't have any waiting lists. "Full marks, Virginia," I said. "And that's not all," she said, "it will mean only 27,000 redundancies, which is much less than the 31,000 miners." "Good thinking," I said, mentally subtracting 27,000 from 31,000. "This means 4,000 new jobs. Who says the recession isn't over?"

Friday

My friend Norma Lamont has made his big speech at the Mansion House dressed up as a magician. "We are going to go for growth," he announced and everyone laughed. "He is about as funny as Paul Daniels," said one businessman, who was clearly impressed. The effect was so immediate in fact that it *was* almost like magic! Nothing happened in the markets at all, which Norma explained to me was a clear sign that confidence has returned to the economy.

Saturday

Mr Hurd has come up with a brilliantly tough new wording for our Maastricht motion. "This House has noted rather a lot of discussion about Europe. This is a very good thing, don't you agree?"

I have already sung several of the so-called rebels and left messages on their ansaphones. They are clearly so busy considering this new motion that they have not rung me back.

I am now in no small measure confident of victory, as my friend Mr Bush said to me on the phone yesterday.

Even Mrs Thatcher has seen the light, I am told, and has been telling the rebels "to vote with their consciences". Obviously she is advising them to support my new motion.

When the chips are down, it is good to know one can count on her loyalty to the elected leader of the party. "Unlike some people in the past," said my wife Norma, giving me a funny look.

Sunday

I am beginning to think that my friend Jeffrey Archer may be going off his head. It seems to be happening to everyone these days, except me of course! After I had gone to the trouble of correcting the spelling in the 27th version of his new novel, he now tells me that he is changing it all again. The character of James Colonel has now been scrapped, because he says "He is an idiot with whom the reader would not wish to identify." In his new version "Roofstraw to the Rescue", Mrs Marjorie Roofstraw meets the best-selling author Godfrey Bowman in Japan and he persuades her to fly back to save Britain, with himself at her side.

Don't miss **THE JOHN MAJOR DIARIES** ***book, now No. 7 in the bestseller list!***

ALEC GUINNESS SPARKS JAPANESE THEATRE ROW

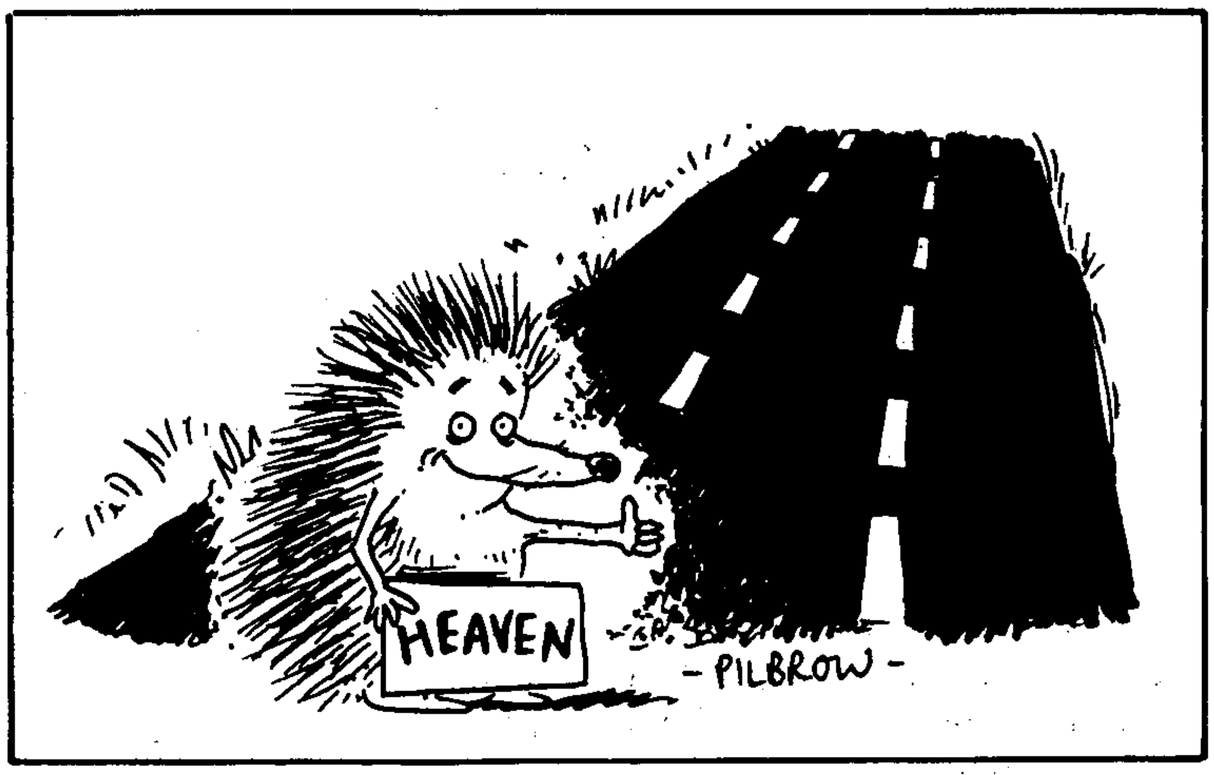
by our Dramatic Staff **Jack Tinky and Ned Twinky**

THE THEATRE world was rocked to its foundations by the news that the Japanese would no longer come to the West End.

A spokesman for the Japanese Tourist Board, ("Just Nipover to England!") Mr Phuwatascorcha, said: "We are sick and tired of gazing up at the stage and seeing this old bald man talking out of the side of his mouth. No one can understand a word he says."

Mr Phuwatascorcha warmed to his theme. "It's a question of bums on stage. We are paying good money to see some old bore mumbling his way through some play he doesn't understand with a prompter shouting at him from the wings. We haven't forgiven him for *Bridge Over the River Kwai* either."

Sir Alec Guinness is 117.



THAT KINNOCK JY PROG IN FULL

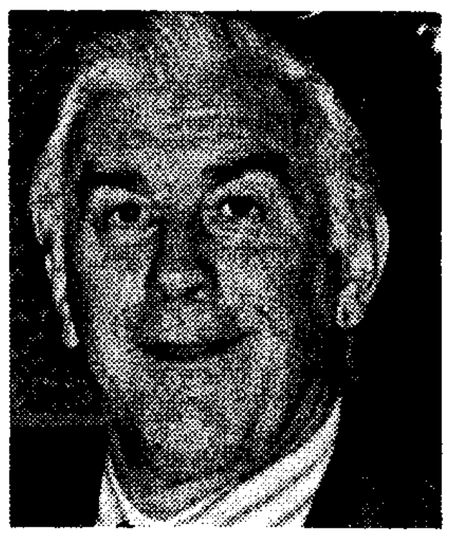
What You Missed

Kinnock: Hullo and totally welcome to the utterly totally JY Prog. This is Neil Kinnock and I'm the former leader of the Labour Party and I'm totally and utterly and utterly and totally delighted to be both presenting, fronting and presenting from the Front later on I'll be playing some records and doing interviews but first I'll be playing records as I've said and I've made perfectly clear from the beginning of the programme and then I'll be doing interviews which I've also said all along so without further ado let's get on with looking ahead at what's in the programme and I would like to state categorically with total frankness and utter categorical stateness that the time has come for a change people are sick and tired of Jimmy Young people are crying out for someone who can get this programme moving again play records people want interview the sort of celebrities that the public actually like oh I could murder a curry *(continues until 1.00 News)*.

LIZ
BY "CUTTER" PERKINS AND RGJ
SNIFF! MINES TA CLOSE!
DIVVENT WORRY, PET. MINE'S AALWAYS OPEN!
DAILY VOTE JOKE
PIT CLOSURES
MINE'S EMPTY!
LET'S SHOW SOLIDARITY. I'M STAYIN' IN ME P/T AAL DAY.
AYE! WE KNAA WORRIT'S LIKE SITTIN' ABOOT DOIN' NUTHIN'!
BED TIME
AN' HAVIN' TA LIVE OFF THE' STATE!
ONE'S FAT SLAG HEAP IS THE PITS!
AYE! SHE'LL HAVE TE DOON TOOLS AN' AAL - FNARR FNARR!
WASTE OF SPACE
DAILY GWHY OH WHY
FERGIE TO SUE
NUDGE!
AYE! HER SEAM'S BEEN OVERWORKED BY AAL THAT SHAFTIN'!
IT'S MY BASTAAD 40TH ANNIVERSARY AN' AAL I GET IS 3 HOURS A CELEBRITY SHITE FROM TH' BBC!
IT'LL GIVE WOR EDDIE A CHANCE TE TRY OOT HIS NEW DICKIE!
INVITE ☆ NO PIKES OR LEFTIES
STRONG LAGER
HRH
WILL THERE BE ANY BINGO?
I'M A MAN OF MY WORD. I'VE DECIDED TO GO... ERR... STAY... ERR...
CUCKOO!
HOW TO RUN THE ECONOMY
I LIKE IT WHEN YER AAL MASTERFUL!
BUT DON'T WORRY. YOUR SOVEREIGNTY IS SAFE IN MY HANDS. ERRR...
HOW TO RUIN THE ECONOMY
GET YER HANDS OFF WOR LASS OR IT'LL NOT JUST BE YER GOVERNMENT THAT GETS DISSOLVED!

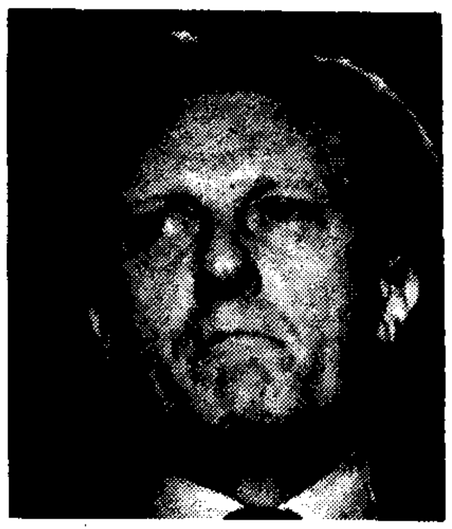
KINDRED SPIRITS *People who should resign*

Sir Robin Leigh-Pemberton
"I should resign," says the Bank of England governor. "The BCCI scandal was ultimately my fault but I don't see why I should take the blame."

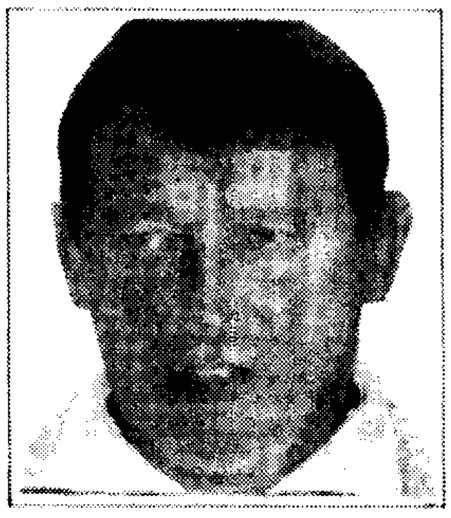


Marmaduke Hussey
"There is an incontrovertible argument for my resignation," says the Chairman of the BBC. "It's nothing to do with my age — I'm just not up to it. But I've no intention of going."

Norman Lamont
"People have said for months that I should resign." So says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he is adamant that he will not step down. "Since when did total incompetence disqualify a man from holding down a top job?"

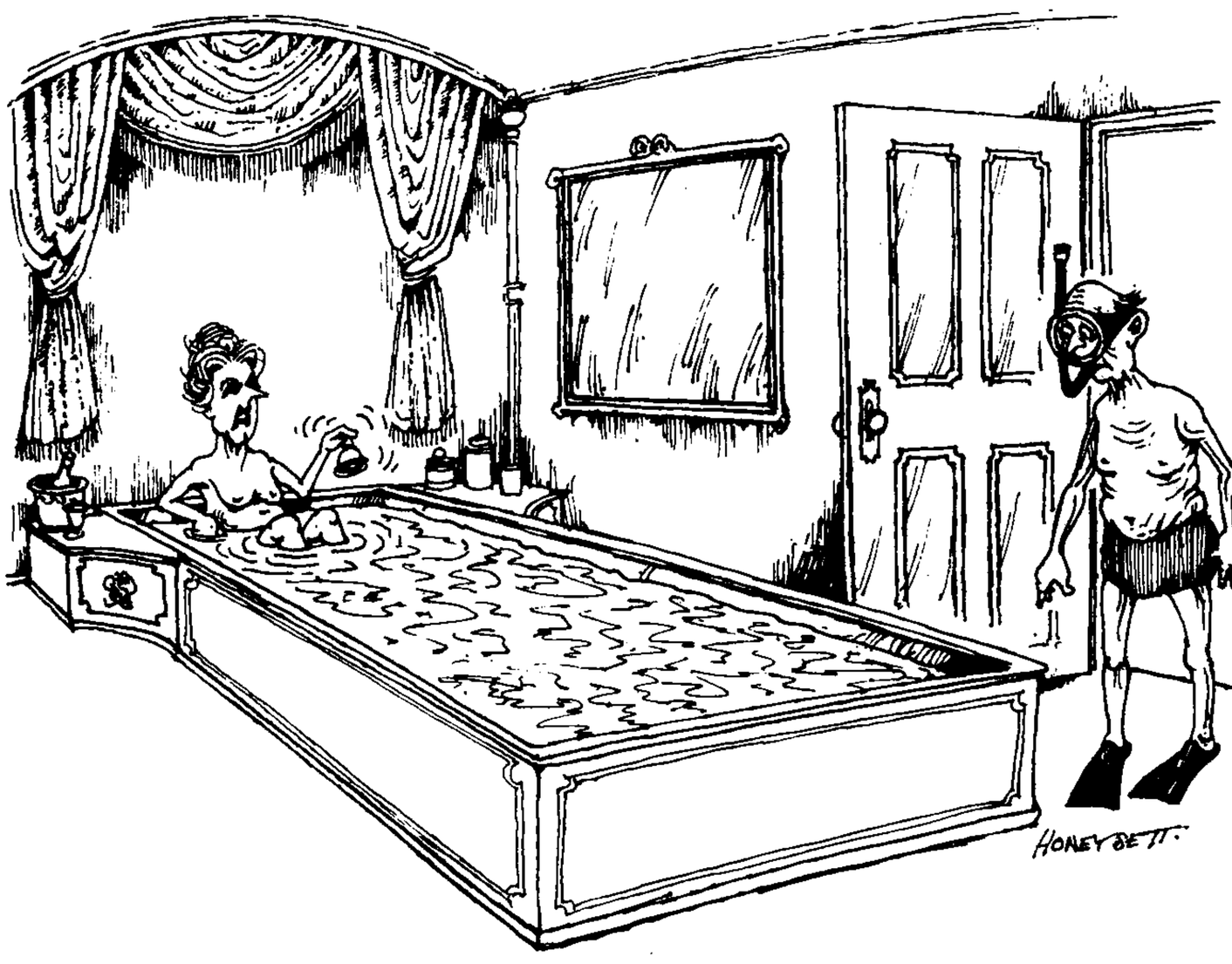


Michael Heseltine
The President of the Board of Trade has no doubts about his position. "Take it from me," he said. "I'm not moving from here. No matter how many cock-ups I make, I'm staying. It's a matter of principle."



Graham Taylor
The England soccer manager doesn't mince his words. "I see this as a job for life. Just because we lose every time is no reason to blame me. I only pick the team."

John Major
"I'm definitely not going to resign," says the decisive Prime Minister of Great Britain. "Or maybe I am. I'm not sure. It's not my fault the country's in a mess. Which it isn't. Or is it?"



"I've lost the soap again, Jenkins"

'Which Witch?' to close

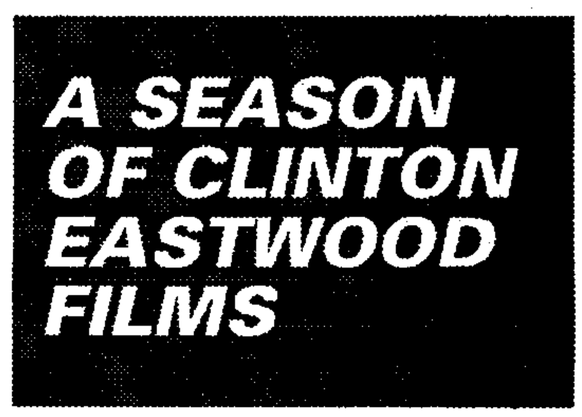
by Our Theatre Staff
"Old Nick" Ross

THE West End musical *Which Witch?* is to close following the arrest of the entire staff by the Orkney Social Services.

"There is no doubt that there is satanic abuse occurring at the Piccadilly Theatre," said team leaders Ms Hysteria and Dawn Raid. "They're all guilty," they claimed, "or we're mad."

Also closed by order of the Orcadian social workers are *The Woman In Black, The Phantom of the Opera* and *The Postman Pat Christmas Special* — the latter due to the "clear satanic overtones" of Pat owning a black and white cat called Jess.

NFT



The Good, The Bad And The Loony
Clinton Eastwood as "the man with no ideas" takes on the evil George Bush and the deranged Ross Perot.

Fistful of Voters
Clinton rides into town and sucks up to whoever's there — Jews, Hispanics, gays, wimmin etc.

A Few Votes More
Clinton rides back into town and sucks up to the people he forgot last time.

ALSO SHOWING
Short animated classic, *The Dead Perot Sketch* from Monty Massingberd's Flying Daily Telegraph Obituary Column.

"It is not sensible to encourage people to believe that we can go on sinsibly producing cola for which there is no market, for which there are no customers. People cannot have it all ways. They cannot press the prime minister and his colleagues for leadership and then say it should have been postponed or i should have been wrapped up differently."

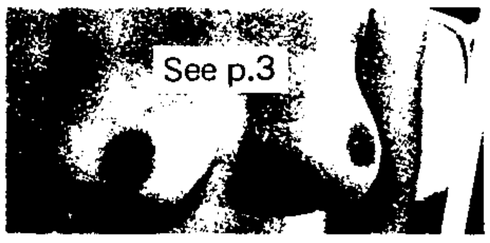
Douglas Hurd, reported in The Times

YOUR NEW-LOOK DAILY Mirror

Friday, November 6, 1992

FORWARD WITH THE TORIES

PLUS ALL YOUR FAVOURITE MIRROR FEATURES



IS JOHN SMITH GAY?

Time For Maggie To Come Back
by Jon Pilger

Don't Knock The NHS — They're Doing A Grand Job
by Anne Robinson

Send More Troops To Northern Ireland Now
writes Paul Foot

MONTY'S FINEST HOUR

by Our Deserting Rat El Allah Haines

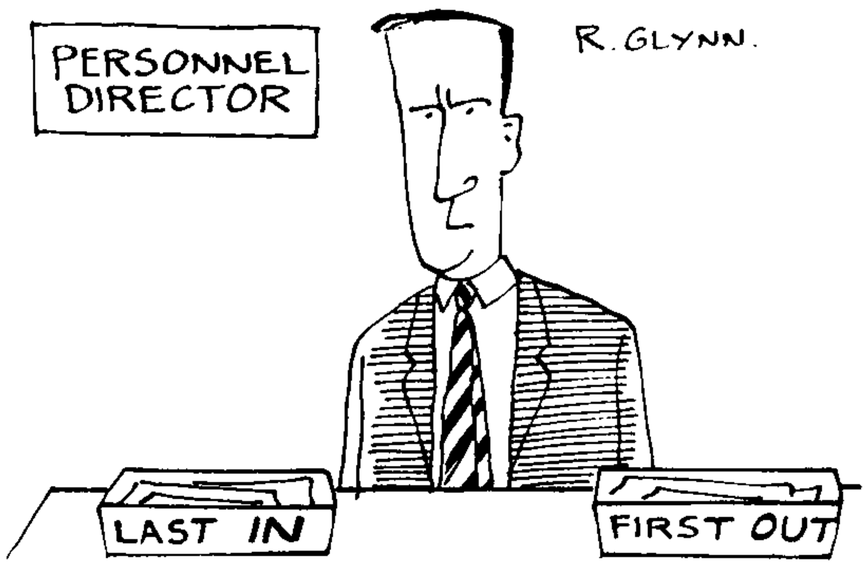
THEY CALLED it the battle that changed the face of history. It is now 50 hours since General David Montgomery's legendary victory over the massed forces of the *Daily Mirror.*

Veterans of the campaign today gathered on the pavement outside Montgomery's headquarters to reminisce about the great days when they had been proud to serve in the elite Hackorps, under their infamous commander General Obergrossenbellyfuhrer Von Maxwell.

A weeping Lance-Bombardier Paul Foot, 87, looked back to the old days of camaraderie when they all stood shoulder to shoulder against the onslaught of Montgomery and lost.

"Field Marshal Bob was a bastard," he sobbed. "But at least he wasn't a Fascist."

10 TellTale Signs — see p6



THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

ALLBALLS AT LENGTH
by Kenneth Rose

First Univ Man in White House?

MR William Clinton may become the first graduate of University College, Oxford, to become President of the United States, I can reveal.

Mr Clinton "roomed" in Backwater Quad, on Staircase 4, between 1968 and 1969. Among his contemporaries in the college at the time were R.B. Stothard, now Under-Secretary in the Treasury's Economic Forecasting Unit, and S.B. Elphick, who was last heard of travelling in the Dordogne in a pink Morris Ital. If he is reading this column, would he please contact his wife, Mrs Gwendoline Elphick, who is dangerously mad.

Mr Clinton's "bedwarmer" was 86-year-old Mr Sid Bergonzi. Speaking last week from his retirement home in the Oxfordshire village of Littlewheen, Mr Bergonzi told me: "I remember Mr Bush very well. He had an American accent and smoked a great deal of marijuana with fantastically sexy dolly birds. Those were the days, guv'nor."

Old Reptonian To Marry Duke's Brother

THE Citizen's Charter supremo, Mr William Waldegrave, is about to buy a new umbrella, I hear.

His old umbrella, he tells me, has had to be put out to grass, as something of a museum piece. It was once held o ver the head of King George III by Mr Waldegrave's ancestor, Lady Montague Carlyle Walpole, when His Majesty was on a hedgehog shoot in Sussex.

The Prince of Wales's New Interest

THE Prince of Wales, I hear, has lately developed an interest in the design of wrought-iron manhole covers.

He hopes to install a wrought-iron manhole cover museum in the craft workshops at Highgrove, where examples dating back to the Middle Ages *(contd. p. 94)*

"Someone called an ambulance. Lady in labour..."

ORKNEY CASE

NO ONE GUILTY SAYS JUDGE

by Our Political Staff **Michael Whitewash**

AFTER an inquiry lasting two years and costing an estimated £78 billion, Mr Justice Fudge today delivered his 1079-page report into the so-called Orkney child abuse scandal.

The judge was asked to investigate the circumstances in which 86 children were forcibly abducted from their homes in the middle of the night by armed social workers, and then kept in solitary confinement for six months.

The judge said: "It was no part of my brief to consider whether it was in any way wrong to treat the children in this way.

"My only task was to take a great deal of time ensuring that a large number of lawyers made a great deal of money at the public expense in the agreeable surroundings of the Orkney Islands."

Lord Fudge did however include in his report what he called "some suggested parameters for possible guidelines towards a code of practice which might prevent any repetition in the future of anything which might have gone wrong in this case, which of course nothing did".

Amongst his far-reaching recommendations was the suggestion that all social workers should be required to undertake a minimum of 70 years' training before being allowed to begin operating in the field.

"This should ensure," he said, "that there will never be any repetition of these problems, because all social workers will have reached retiring age by the time they qualify — unlike myself, who is at perfect liberty, should I deem it fit, to go on conducting absurd enquiries like this until I am even older than Sir Marmalade Gusset."

Sir Marmalade Fudge is 207.

EMERGENCY SERVICES FAILED HUMPTY

by Our Nursery Rhyme Staff **Polly Toynbeeputthekettleon**

MR HUMPTY Dumpty was left lying at the bottom of a wall for several hours yesterday before emergency services arrived at the scene.

All the King's Horses and All the King's Men took three and a half hours to reach the accident after being alerted by neighbours.

Said an old woman who lived in a shoe: "Mr Dumpty was just sitting on the wall and then he had a great fall. I dialled the King's Men at once but nothing happened. The delay must have seriously impaired Mr Dumpty's chances of being put together again."

The Head of All the King's Horses and All the King's Men has offered his resignation after explaining that the computer system had sent his men to the wrong wall, where they had merely found ten green bottles. "By then," he admitted, "the standard 14½ minutes had elapsed and by the time we got to Mr Dumpty he was unfortunately scrambled."

Elsewhere two children, one of whom had a broken crown, were forced to wait at the bottom of a hill for most of a day. Jack, 4, and Jill, 3 (whose surnames have been omitted to protect their identity) were last night said to be "improving". Their mother, however, was furious, claiming: "If it hadn't been for the prompt action of Dr Foster, who happened to be passing on his way to Gloucester, it could have been really serious."

Not so lucky was Little Jack Horner, who, after accidentally getting a plum stuck on his thumb, was taken to the casualty department at St Mary Mary (The Quite Contrary)'s Teaching Hospital.

He was told on arrival: "Oh no. This has been closed down by the Tomlinson report."

Old Mother Hubbard is 108.

SWITCHBOARDS JAMMED IN BBC HORROR PROTEST

by our Media Correspondent
Francis Hallowheen

THOUSANDS of angry viewers phoned the BBC last night to protest at the terrifying pictures that they saw on the screens as part of a Halloween special.

Children all over the country were said to have been frightened to death by one particular image — that of a man in his fifties with the bags under his eyes speaking in a Northern accent.

Parkynormal Experience

"We all know Michael Parkinson is dead," said one parent "and to see him there on the telly made up to look as if he was alive was unforgivable. Our kids were watching and after seeing Parkinson they were too horrified to sleep."

However, a BBC spokesman said "The public have over-reacted. It was billed in the *Radio Times* for weeks that Michael Parkinson would come back from the grave. No one could say they had not been warned."

Marmaduke Hussey is a Zombie.

E.J. Thribb, Rhyming Slang and much more in
POETRY CORNER,
on sale now. £4.99

Great Bores Of Today.

"... I couldn't believe it the French of all people you think of Gitanes and Gauloises I mean the smell of Caporal tobacco *is* France look at those films with Simone Signoret and what's his name? Jean-Paul Belmondo they smoked all the time a cigarette is part of the culture every cafe you go in is just full of smoke Cafe Tabac the words are synonymous do you remember that little place where there was that old man in a beret with the cigarette in the side of his mouth carrying a baguette he was so French just like something out of Peter Mayle you can't imagine him without his Disque Bleu can you? it's their thing it's why you go there wine food cigarettes what would Maigret be without his pipe or Serge Gainsbourg without 'un cigarette' I mean think about it Montparnasse the Left Bank the steps of Sacre Coeur it'll be the French Maastricht mark my words it'll be happening here next wheeze cough can we slow down a bit..."

TEX-MEX NOUVELLE! NEW AGE ITALIAN! NO-ONE EATS THAT STUFF IN L.A. ANYMORE. IT'S TOTALLY PASSÉ..
WORLD CUISINE IS WHERE IT'S AT NOW- ALL MANNER OF ETHNIC INFLUENCES. AND TONIGHT WE'RE DINING AT L.A.'S FINEST RESTAURANT IN THIS FIELD.
YOU'LL LOVE IT, GARY. THE MAITRE D' IS A PERSONAL FRIEND OF MINE AND THE SOUS CHEF'S AN ABSOLUTE GENIUS.
SOUNDS SMASHING, CARL.
I'VE NEVER HAD RED INDIAN NOSH BEFORE.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

‘Sack me or I quit’

Major’s Shock Ultimatum

Cairo, Tuesday

THE prime minister Mr John Major today issued his toughest ultimatum yet to Tory rebels, ahead of the historic Maastricht vote.

He has let it be known that he wants to be sacked by the Party rather than face the humiliating prospect of going to the Edinburgh summit empty-handed.

If he is not sacked, newsmen were told in an off-the-record briefing, he would feel honour-bound to call a general election immediately.

STOP PRESS

SOURCES close to the Prime Minister insisted today that he had been misquoted in his controversial “Sack me or I quit” off-the-record ultimatum.

The Prime Minister’s press office has made it clear that what the Prime Minister had said was “Back me, or I quit”.

In no circumstances, it was stated, would the Prime Minister resign, unless the Party sacked him.

STOP STOP PRESS

“Back me or I stay.” This was what the Prime Minister meant said sources close to the sources today.

Issuing a further clarification to the earlier clarification, the sources confirmed that unless backbenchers gave him their full support, Mr Major would feel obliged to stay on as Prime Minister.

STOP STOP STOP PRESS

“Good evening.” This was the Prime Minister’s shock greeting to waiting newsmen, when challenged today about his previous clarification on the eve of the historic vote on Maastricht.

“What I meant,” Mr Major later confirmed, “was ‘Good morning’.”

Sources close to tears said that unless journalists stopped publishing what they were told in off-the-record briefings, there would be no more ultimatums or clarifications for them to write about.

ON OTHER PAGES

Major Backs Down On Stand-Firm Pledge. p7

Major Stands Firm On Back-Down Pledge. p8

NEW WORDS

by Philip Howard

PIMLOTT
n. A very long, tedious book about some long-forgotten Labour politician that no-one will ever want to read. Example: “Just throw another pimlott on the fire will you, darling.”

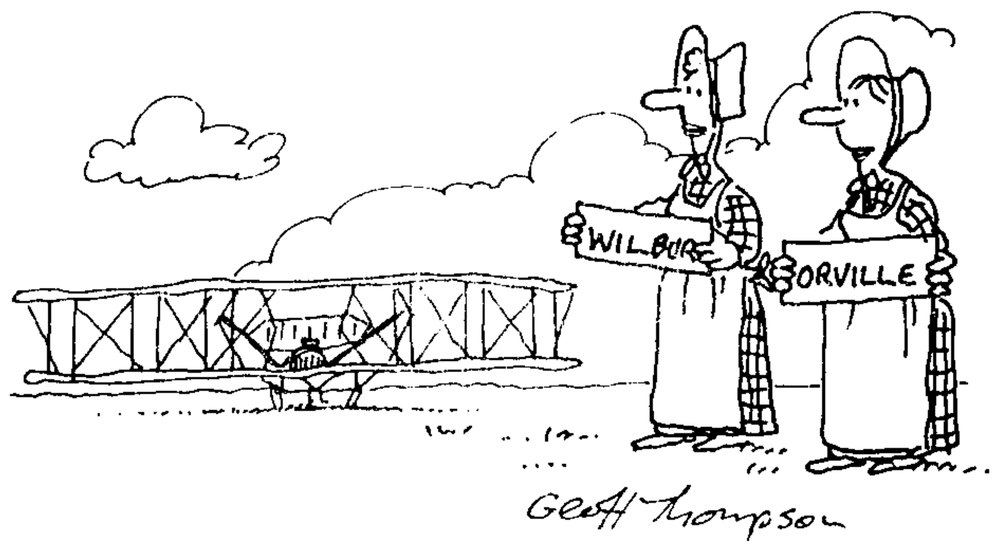
SCARGILL
n. Totally discredited figure who becomes a national hero due to someone else’s ineptitude. Example: “You idiot, Heseltine, you’ve made a scargill out of him.”

BUSH
v. int. To make a complete mess of things, act with total incompetence in every respect (see also Major). Example: “Geez, he’s really bushed this one.”

MANDELA
n. (prob. African). A ridiculously ostentatious wedding ceremony, in country of great impoverishment. Example: “It was a real mandela. They had roast giraffe for 5,000.”

Police made six arrests — two for coin-throwing, two more for racial abuse aimed at the Gunners’ black strikers Ian Wright and Kevin Campbell, a drug-pusher and a drunk.

Western Daily Press



HOUSE OF WINDSOR SAFARI PARK TO CLOSE

by Our Conservation Staff **Zoo Lawley**

ONE of the country’s best-loved amusements is scheduled to close due to lack of public support, it was revealed yesterday.

At its peak the House of Windsor attracted millions of enthusiastic lovers of wildlife, many of whom came from all over the world to catch a glimpse of the rare species on display.

Sadly, as a result of the recession and a general public reaction against the keeping of exotic creatures at taxpayers’ expense, the enterprise is now on the verge of collapse.

Save the Wales

The principal concern is the fate of the creatures in the likely event of closure.

A spokesman for the Park said: “They cannot fend for themselves and there is no demand for them elsewhere. In the old days everyone wanted to see a Queen or a Prince or even a Duchess, but nowadays no one is interested.

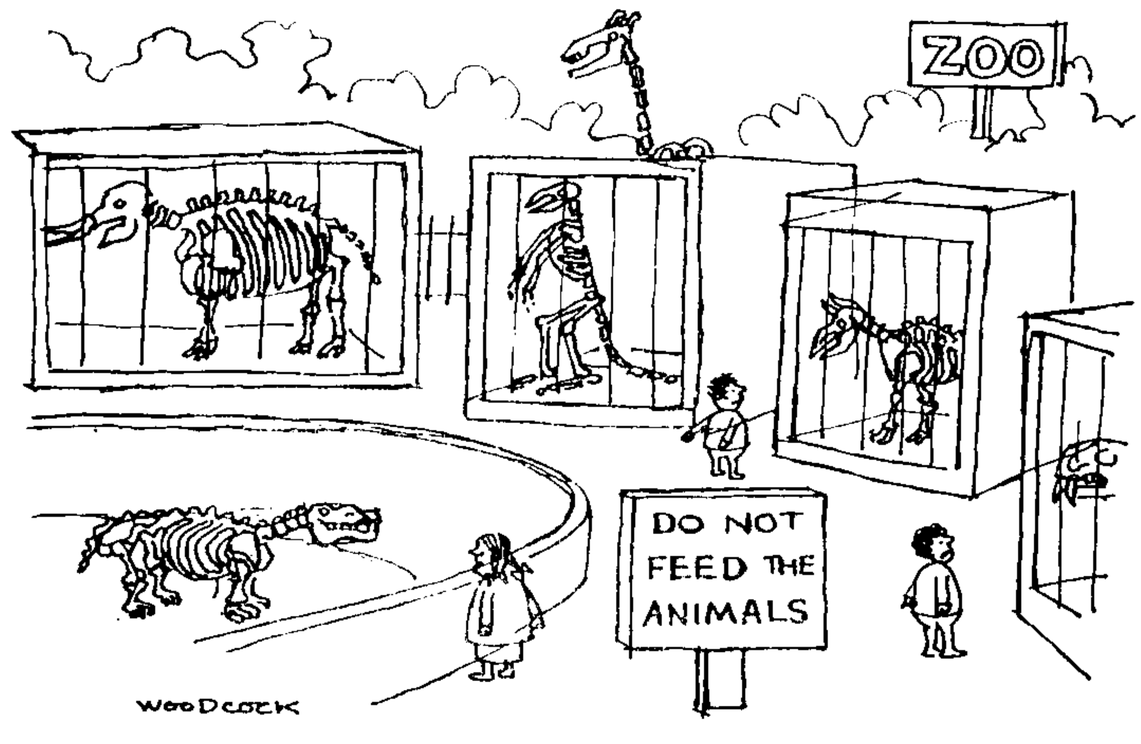
“The humane option would be to put them all to sleep,” he continued, “but the sentimentalists would be up in arms.”

FACT FILE

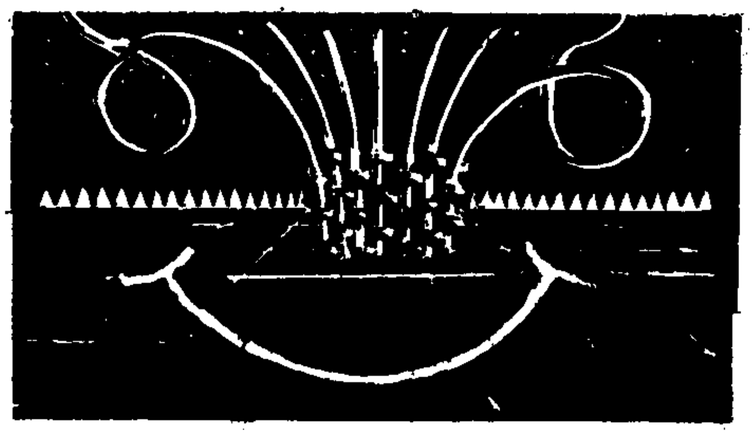
THE FERGIE

- **It costs £8 billion a year just to feed one Fergie.**
- **Fergies cannot survive the English winter and have to be sent abroad to hot climates.**
- **The Fergie needs to mate frequently with different partners. Limited success has been achieved recently with a Texan breed.**

TOMORROW: The Chazza — why it goes mad in captivity.



DIARY



MICHAEL PALIN

North Pole. This really is an extremely cold place, with ice absolutely everywhere! It's at the very top of the world — or bottom, depending on which way you're looking at it! As I say, my main impression of it is of its great chilliness: literally indescribable!

When you contrast it with some of the places I'm due to visit — the deserts, for instance, or parts of Africa — well, you can only stop and wonder at how very cold it is! Certainly one of the coldest places I have ever been by quite a long way — including Chipping Sodbury in November!

Actually, it's Pythonesque jokes like that one — Chipping Sodbury *in* November! — that keep one's spirits up, out here at the top (or bottom!) of the world, all alone by oneself amidst all this ice, with nothing and no one for company but the ice and the freezing cold and the grey skies and the camera crew and the sound recordists and the producer and the director and the researchers and let's not forget the travel co-ordinator. Frankly, the sense of solitude is literally indescribable.

Odessa. I visit the Odessa Steps: lots and lots of steps, named after Odessa. Odessa is one of the very few cities I can think of which begin with an "O" — unless you count Orpington! Actually, it's rather like Orpington in a way: there are lots of buildings, and quite a few people, plus cars and so on. As cities go, Odessa is literally indescribable.

Before I came here, I had no idea how big Russia is. It really is very, very big indeed. The people here are very friendly. Today, after quite a comfortable night, it has been my privilege to meet a marvellous old character, a gentleman who speaks near-perfect English, dresses very smartly in suit and tie, has heard of the Pythons (always a help!) and is anxious to co-operate in any way he can. "We must get him on film — he's a marvellous old character," I say to my producer.

"He's actually our assistant director," says my producer.

Later, I rehearse the next day's script. "I must say this view is simply stunning," I say over and over again. Tomorrow, we will find a view to go with it.

Rhodes. I must say, this view is simply stunning. This is a truly magical place, a city full of almost Pythonesque contrasts: very colourful and full of real character, very much like some English towns, in some ways more so and in some ways rather less so! Strolling around Rhodes — which incidentally has rather fewer "roads" than Birmingham! — I breathe in its character: truly magical, and full of — almost Pythonesque! — contrasts.

Always on the look out for humour, I bump into one old boy who quite literally can't speak a word of English, and has no idea who I am! We get the camera crew assembled, and sure enough he makes a great interviewee, not understanding a word I say, thus allowing me to do a variety of funny faces to camera!

Before I arrived here, I had no idea how big Rhodes was. I must say, upon further investigation its actual size is really quite surprising. But why, I wondered, does it have that mysterious "h" in its name? No-one could tell me!

Aswan. After a slightly uncomfortable night, I wake up. I pay a trip to the famous Aswan dam, an extraordinary feat of engineering, dealing with a lot of water every day of the year. This is a very colourful country, full of hidden secrets never vouchsafed to the outsider. I ask one of the locals — quite a character — what it is like to live in Aswan. He tells me he enjoys it quite a lot. "I imagine that the difference between living in Aswan and living in England is literally indescribable," I say. He mentions that he doesn't know, as he has never lived in England.

"Do you have a funny hat I can wear for the cameras?" I ask him, but he hasn't got one, so my researcher nips out and buys one — a very Pythonesque garment! I put it on beside the Aswan dam, and make a quip — "It's not unlike wearing a dead parrot!" and the camera crew creases up! In the afternoon, I bid a fond farewell to an utterly magical country, full of a great many contrasts.

Khartoum. Another place with an "h" in an odd place in its name! I suppose that's just my somewhat Pythonesque, surreal way of looking at things! After a very comfortable night, I meet some marvellous old characters in the main square of the town. "Do you enjoy it here?" I ask them. "Yes," they reply. I come away with the firm impression that they enjoy it here.

Africa is a vast country, with great distances between one spot and another — far greater than the distance between, say, Nuneaton and East Croydon! Still, you've got to laugh. It's only by taking this humorous approach to things that one can see the world for what it is — a vast sort of globe, full of all sorts of places which might be fun to visit.

After some highly concentrated investigation by your intrepid traveller, I discover that "Khartoum" is not in fact the place where the "Cartoon" was invented. My fellow-Python Terry Gilliam will be much distressed by this news, methinks!

In the evening, after filming me wearing a totally barmy hat a researcher picked up somewhere, we watch the sun setting over the horizon: a literally indescribable sight.

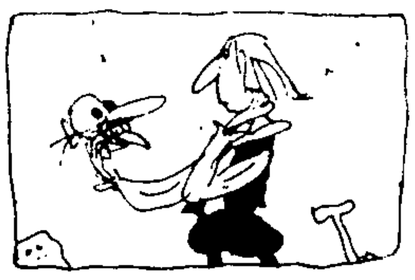
Victoria Falls. This must be one of the wettest places I've been to in a long, long time — wetter even than Droitwich in January, and that's saying something! Victoria Falls was named after Victoria — though it's not known whether she actually fell or not! Every day, year in, year out, literally masses of water goes over the high rocks, creating an amazing waterfall, formed of lots of water. Certainly a sight to remember, and almost Pythonesque in its total unexpectedness. Somewhere, a long way away, people are doing sensible things like watching cricket or gardening — and here am I standing beside the Victoria Falls wearing a daft hat for the cameras! Makes you think!

Cape Town. After a comfortable night, I have a good breakfast and tidy up my room before changing my shoes. On the way out of the hotel, I leave my key with the lady at the desk. I then spend a day looking around South Africa. What a day! Indescribable. Back at the hotel, I pick up my key and prepare for bed. Next stop: The South Pole.

South Pole. This really is an extremely cold place, with ice absolutely everywhere! It's at the very bottom of the world — or top, depending on which way you're looking at it!

My voyage is finally over. My lasting impression is that the world is full of colour and contrasts, and of all sorts of different people and places. After five months of quality filming from Pole to Pole (plug!) for good old "Auntie Beeb", I know one thing for sure: this whole wide world of ours is quite literally indescribable. Cheerio!

LUVVIES



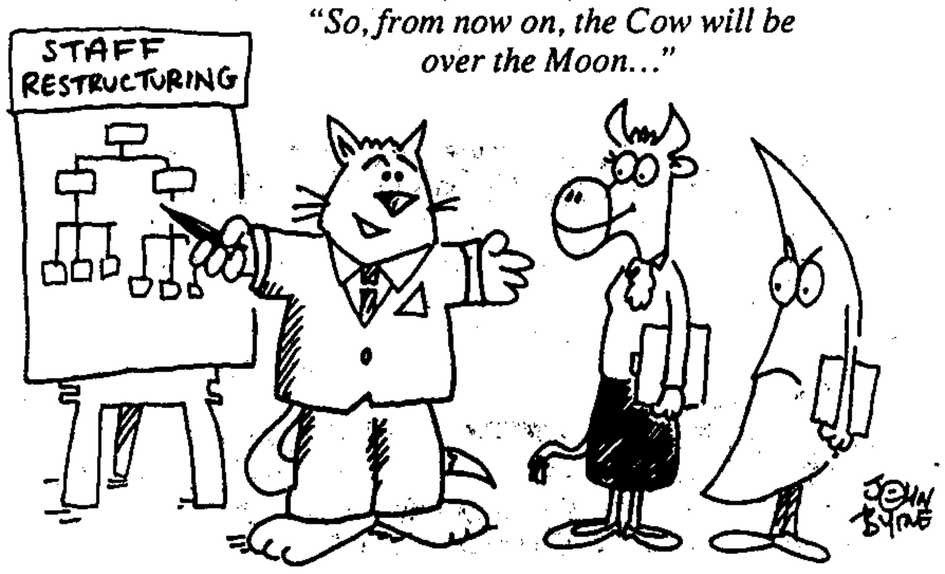
I have a horrible sado-masochistic streak in me. I think all actors do, because acting is kind of brutal. We all need some kind of major approval we didn't get when growing up so we pick a career hoping it will win us world-wide approval.

But we also set ourselves up for worldwide rejection. It's your worst nightmare come true.

MICHELLE PFEIFFER
Today

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for submissions.

"So, from now on, the Cow will be over the Moon..."



REAR COLUMNS, ***Collected Diaries of the Famous. Edited by Craig Brown. Now on sale.***

Literary Review

Fathering about...

Fatherhood: Men Write About Fathering
Sean French (Ed.)
(Virago, £11.99)

CLEVER Virago! Commissioning this book was an act of genius. Most feminist publishing houses would never dream of publishing a book written entirely by men. Why give men more space, when they already have so much?

But at Virago they knew better. Give men enough rope and they'll hang themselves. And, sure enough, *Fathering* is a spectacular mass suicide. It's one great hubbub of pompous old gits and bratty young twirps all shouting to be heard. Look at my rope! It's bigger than your rope!

No incensed polemicist or wily satirist could have come up with a more devastating portrayal of male vanity than these men have themselves unwittingly supplied in this little collection of essays. It'll serve as a feminist coconut-shy for years to come.

If one had any criticism of this masterpiece, it would surely be that, at 120 pages, it's too short. It's hard to imagine what difficulties the editor, Sean French, could possibly have faced in gathering contributions. For quite a few men are fathers. Many of us know one.

And then it turns out the contributors haven't really understood the title anyway, since half of them choose to maunder on about their own fathers — that is, about being *sons*. If that's the definition, then most men — one might almost say all — have had a father of some kind or other.

Sean French could have chosen almost anybody. But instead — in pursuit no doubt of a more concentrated effect — he has chosen to use only his pals and ex-work-mates from the jobbing litterateurs of North London, perked up with a little ethnic spice.

For brief though the book is, French has gathered here at least one classic example of every kind of male self-importance. He sets the pace himself by launching, in the very first paragraph of his introduction, into his own genealogy (his great-great-grandmother and his great- great- great- grandmother indeed), a subject of no interest whatsoever to anybody save himself.

Then there is Alan Brien's fascinating family reminiscences. What an old pro he is. Nobody does the experienced bon viveur better: "There seems to be something about that cheesy, beany, cassoulet-smell of the infant shit, the ammoniac whiff of infant piss somewhere between a very sour white wine and a concentrated paint stripper, that is too overwhelmingly intimate for the virgin nose of the pre-paternal male." Ah yes, such a superb bouquet is really best reserved for the mature connoisseur.

With a masterly change of tack, we have a contribution from a fabulously uncouth Canadian prat who works at Radio 3, Noah Richler, about his novelist dad. "I remember the shadow of his enormous dick to the left of my eye," he writes, with that precision which marks the true stylist. "Man, the business of parenting is something," he concludes wisely.

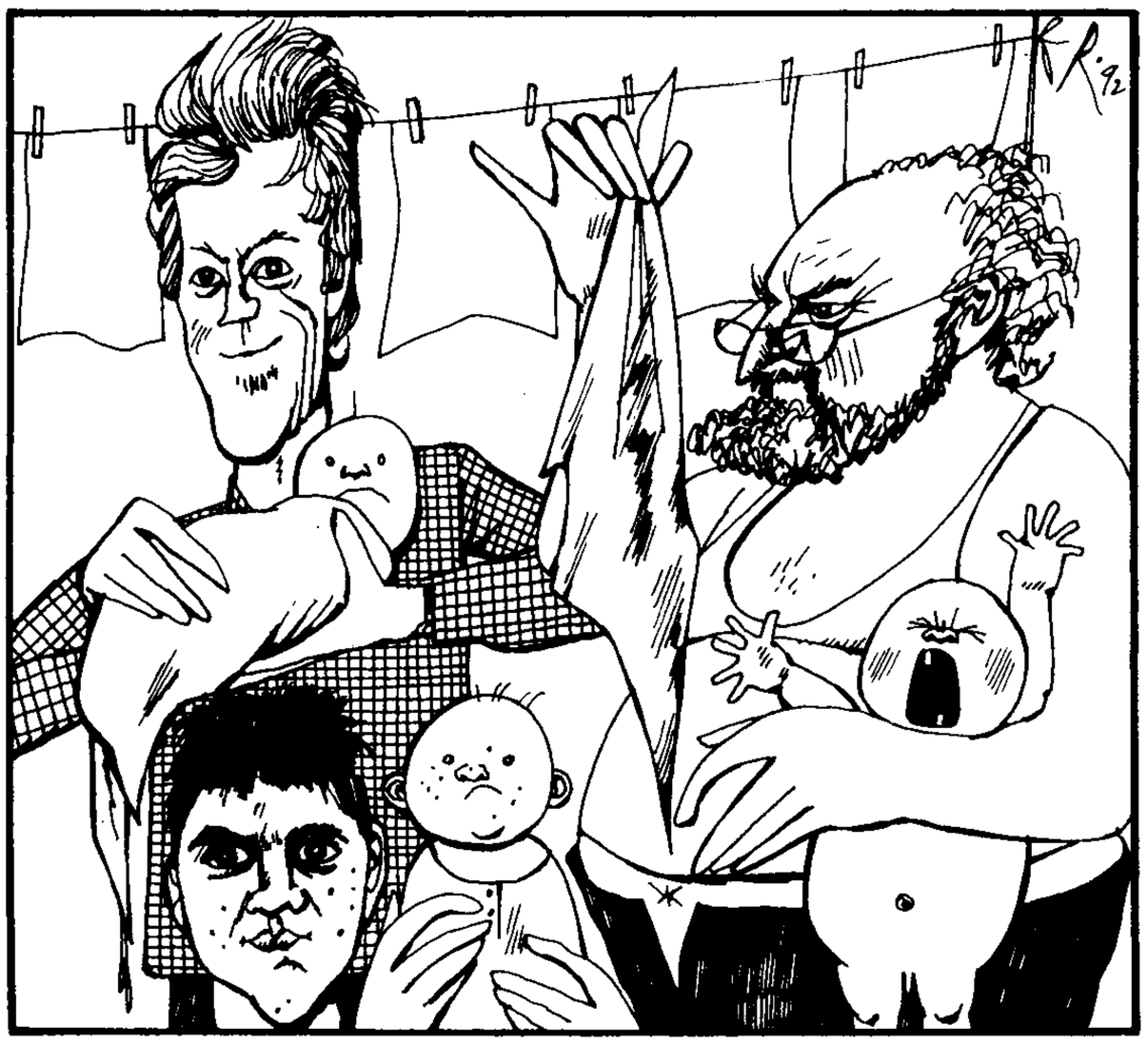
Then we have the academics, with Roger Scruton taking a philosophical look at the matter. He believes fathers have been quite mistakenly "dethroned", and we're all regretting it now. "The feminist call for equality, while seeming like a final demand for the abolition of fatherhood, conceals an even more passionate need for its resurrection." Quite right, Roger, we're secretly begging for it. You begin to see the cunning stunt Virago have pulled off in getting this stuff into print.

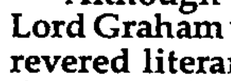
At the heart of the book are the New Men. And the prize exhibit here is none other than — Jocelyn Targett, the gifted arts editor of the *Guardian*. It's a princely work of posing. "I turn the pages of these baby books and tickle the chins of cute pictures. I look at pushchaired couples and yearn," he says of himself, revoltingly.

And there is a dramatic plot here. Will having a baby make Jocelyn less great? He has been domesticated by it, you see. He's even done some DIY: "I bought my first power drill the other day. It was something I'd never thought about until it happened, down at Do-It-All one Sunday evening. I found it an oddly moving experience." So do we all, Jocelyn, especially if it's a Black and Decker with a hammer action and a sanding attachment.

Does all this home maintenance mean that Jocelyn may miss the Nobel Prize? Pray not! "Will I be sad if my baby costs me some of my aspirations? I think I will, and I think Baby is bound to. Having a child, I'm sure, presents the ambitious parent with a few inequitable would-you-rathers: would I rather work late or feed the tot leads ultimately to, would I rather achieve greatness or be loved overwhelmingly by my child for ever more, and I'd choose the love of my baby every time..."

Happily, of course, we know that he has already achieved greatness, so this fascinating dilemma does not arise. But what a noble heart to choose thus! What a *man*.





Books & Bookmen

■ FOR 27 years Graham Lord achieved what most people would have thought impossible — he ran first rate books pages in the *Sunday Express*. He was widely admired, both by the book industry and by intelligent readers of the rag.

Come the noisy arrival of the sainted and scented La Bollard as the paper's editor, Lord Graham's job was obviously on the line, and particularly so when she filched *Toady*'s exotic literary editor, Maggie Pringle, to buy serial rights for the *Sexpress*. Eve didn't particularly want people who knew about books to write reviews — she wanted her friends and the famous, if they weren't synonymous, to wax lyrical, or at least wax.

Although she protested that Lord Graham was her honoured and revered literary editor, she insisted that it was her job as editor (or that of her sidekick, Charles "Experienced" Golding) to select both the books to be reviewed and the reviewers.

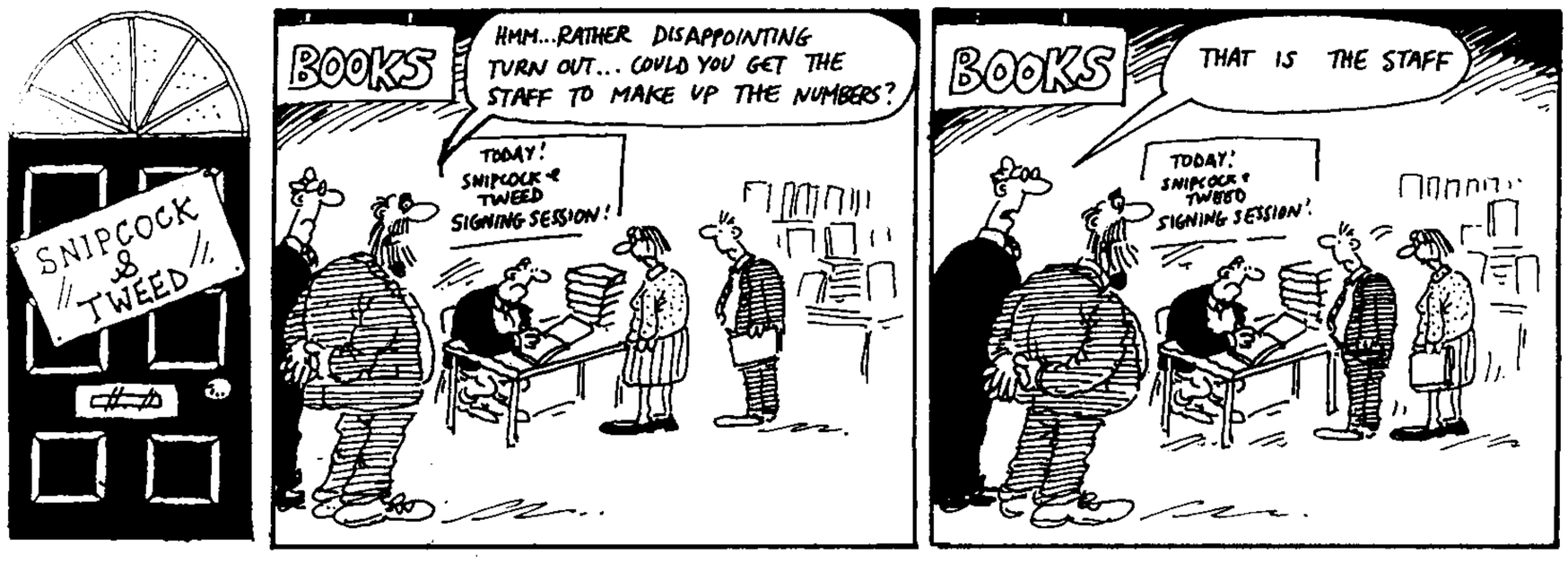
In his slightly younger (he is no oldie) and chippier days, Lord used to play in literary gatherings the macho plain man, muttering about the preferred choices of the trendy literati. Thus he brilliantly conceived the idea of the *Sunday Express* book of the year award, the idea being to select novels which people might actually want to read as opposed to Booker and Whitbread winners which nobody wanted to read. This year's judges were Lord; the editor of the prestigious top-selling magazine *The Oldie, (who he? — Ed)*; novelist Andrea Newman; Nanette Newman, of washing-up liquid fame and La Bollard herself.

In previous years the award has been presented at a stylish and sensible lunch. This year, times being hard and no doubt as a snub to Lord, the event has been downgraded to a "reception" on 25 November in Dillon's flagship, Hatchards of Piccadilly, the top people's bookshop and by appointment to the Royals who read.

With Lord's resignation, there are four judges left — not the best number in view of, say, a possible two-all stalemate. The likelihood now is that Bollard will appoint her crony, Joyce Hopkirk, who, to the surprise of the judges, played an active part in the first discussions on the short list, even though she was not officially a judge.

The prize could well degenerate into a shambles which will make the Booker look like a model of order and efficiency.

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
BOOKS
HMM...RATHER DISAPPOINTING TURN OUT... COULD YOU GET THE STAFF TO MAKE UP THE NUMBERS?
TODAY! SNIPCOCK & TWEED SIGNING SESSION!
BOOKS
THAT IS THE STAFF
TODAY! SNIPCOCK & TWEED SIGNING SESSION!

PROPERTY

Tarmac the Knife

IN normal times, it would have been sad news that Tarmac, one of Britain's biggest construction companies, is closing its property business (on which it announces a £6 million loss), sacking its management team and closing down the division's London headquarters.

But on the board of Tarmac, the news is not so bad after all. For the government (*Eyes* passim) plans to celebrate its new "get tough" public spending round on November 12 by dishing out just under £50 million of good public spending to persuade Tarmac to take the Property Services Agency projects division off its hands.

This is a straight "dowry", as it is known in the trade. There is no question of any nasty redundancy costs for Tarmac. If they do have to sack any (or all) of the division's 925 employees, then the government will fork out for that, too, with at least another £30 million of precious public money).

Nothing could be more apt than that the announcement of this fantastic largesse to a company which has paid so much into Tory party coffers over the years should be made by the dashing young minister at the department of the environment, John Redwood. Redwood is probably the most fanatical Thatcherite left in the Commons. He believes, as he tells people in the most passionless tones imaginable, passionately in free enterprise.

This means, as in the Tarmac case, that when a company which crusades for private enterprise (ie pays money to the Tories) starts to falter, it must be put back on its feet by huge dollops of government money.

Redwood's largesse comes just at the right time for Tarmac, which is labouring under a series of legal actions. Scottish subcontractor James Scott are suing for £1.5 million over the building of Hewell Grange II prison near Bromsgrove. The project was finished in May this year, almost a year late.

James Scott are claiming that they were caused heavy expenses due to the delay — for which they blame the main contractor, Tarmac. No prizes for guessing the name of the government agency which awarded Tarmac the prison contract. Yes, right, the PSA, now to be passed on to Tarmac for what Mr Redwood calls "a negative consideration" (a huge payment by Mr and Mrs Taxpayer).

Cynics might say that next time round Tarmac, now it owns PSA, will be able to give out such contracts to itself. Nor would they be far from the truth. For the most awkward part of the Tarmac deal is the one which guarantees the company certain contracts paid for by the taxpayer which would otherwise have gone out to tender.

Both Mr Redwood and the Tarmac board are hoping that no one makes a fuss in Europe about this part of the deal. For the Treaty of Rome states clearly that all major contracts paid for out of public money should be open to tender to contractors from other European states. What a blow it would be for Tarmac if it had to compete for all those juicy contracts which the Great Competitor John Redwood is preparing to hand out to them for nothing.

The claim from Scotts, by the way, is chicken feed for Tarmac compared to what is threatened by Norwich Union over the huge shopping centre in Bristol, The Galleries. Norwich Union are claiming up to £150 million over what it alleges is the incompetence of the construction management role over the development. The managers, until they were finally kicked off the project in April 1991, was Schal International, a subsidiary of Tarmac. It is hardly necessary to add that the project was completed almost exactly a year late.

ENVIRONMENT

Nuke in my back yard

ENVIRONMENTALISTS are alarmed at the safety standards of a shipment of plutonium on its way to Japan from France. The tonne of the deadly nuclear fuel on board the *Akatsuki Maru*, bound for Japan's ambitious nuclear power programme, is making the 10,000 mile voyage with little more than a coastguard vessel for protection.

The French and Japanese governments are keeping the precise route secret, supposedly to lessen the risk of a terrorist attack or hijacking. The secrecy has the added benefit of stopping countries along the route kicking up a fuss. After all, what they don't know can't hurt them.

Terrorism aside, however, there are plenty of other exciting disasters waiting to overtake it — like fire. The Japanese government says a fire at sea will pose no danger, since the casks of plutonium are designed to withstand a blaze for up to 30 minutes. Maritime fires, however, tend to last much longer than half-an-hour — and certainly would on the *Akatsuki Maru*, as most of the ship has been given over to fuel oil tanks in order to make the long voyage from France to Japan non-stop. Tests simulating deep sea pressure have been carried out on the flasks, but the results have not been made public.

Some countries alomg the route have complained about the plutonium shipment passing through their back yards. They say the Japanese haven't informed them of the details of the shipment or contingency plans in case of a disaster, as international law requires. In response, Japan reminded them that many of them are recipients of large amounts of Japanese aid. The countries concerned soon realised how selfish they were in worrying about plutonium spillages along their coastline, and piped down.

The French plutonium will enable Japan to feed a new generation of fast-breeder nuclear reactors. The plan is for Japan to then be able to breed plutonium and become self-sufficient in energy.

Since the plan was first conceived the Soviet Union has broken up. The dismantling of thousands of atomic weapons has created a dangerous glut of plutonium in the world and made the entire scheme uneconomical. But to abandon the programme now, in Japanese eyes, would be "defeatist". At least the plutonium glut means that if the *Akatsuki Maru* does get hi-jacked or blown-up, or catches fire, or sinks, there will be plenty more to go around.

IRAQGATE

Matrix of the arms trade

UNUSUAL things are taking place daily at Court 16 at the Old Bailey, where the public gallery for the Matrix Churchill "arms to Iraq" trial is not as public as perhaps it ought to be.

Visitors to the trial of three executives of the Coventry-based machine tools manufacturers, who each deny charges of evading export controls between 1988 and 1990, are being turned away unless they can produce a driving licence or passport. Quite why this should be so remains a mystery. The court attendant simply states grounds of "security".

Further hindrance to those expecting to gain entry to the "public" gallery comes in the form of unwelcoming notices stuck to the door which have variously stated that the gallery is either full or not sitting.

Strangely, the "full" sign has been hung outside the door at times when the public gallery has been far from full, with between two to six people occupying 33 seats. And the sign which reads "Closed — Court Not Sitting" has often been on display when the court has been far from closed and patently sitting.

Police have told spectators at the trial that their names are being taken down in case they subsequently need to be traced. Why this should be so is another mystery. Could it be that the problems of gaining access have proved too difficult for many of Fleet Street's hungry reporters? For the case, which is fast becoming Britain's very own version of "Iraqgate", has so far failed to excite the British media, with the honourable exception of the *Guardian*, the *Financial Times* and Channel 4 News.

One person whose interest has been excited is Bobby Lee Cooke, the defence lawyer for Christopher Drogoul, the former manager of Atlanta's BNL branch, whom the US government accuses of masterminding an intricate fraudulent loan scheme for the Iraqis by himself. Recently Mr Drogoul changed his plea from guilty to not guilty. BNL's Atlanta branch provided some of the funds for Matrix Churchill.

For those few who have managed to overcome the entry hurdles — just 29 people altogether had signed into the security book at the last count (October 28) — the case has thrown up some not altogether unembarrassing revelations about Britain's policy towards Iraq prior to the Gulf war.

The court has heard how then ministers, including Alan Clark and William Waldegrave, approved the sale of arms-related equipment to Iraq because the firm's managing director, Paul Henderson, was supplying valuable information to MI6 about Iraq's nuclear weapons programme.

The court also heard a department of trade and industry official tell how Mr Clark told a meeting of machine tools manufacturers that he would do everything in his power to prevent the government's regulators cracking down on the sale of their peaceful-looking bits of equipment. This was for fear of losing out to foreign competition, of course.

And the court also heard how Mr Clark (again), having been told of the interest of a *Daily Telegraph* reporter in his controversial visit to the machine tools manufacturers association, said that he would approach the editor of the said newspaper to try to hush the affair up (again for national interest reasons, of course). All in all a trial of some interest.

No wonder it is so difficult to get in.

RAIL CLOSURES

Trick or cheat?

THE recent withdrawal of a useful rail service in north London was only made possible by a cynical trick British Rail learned in the 1960s.

Legally a rail service can only be stopped if BR can demonstrate at a public hearing that there is no demand for it. But BR is quite capable of manipulating the demand on services it wants to dump: the trick is to arrange services so that they are useless, and — hey presto — no passengers!

The Stockport to Stalybridge line, for instance, has a train in one direction only on *just one day of the week*. Strictly speaking BR is not breaking the law by withdrawing the service without going through a public closure hearing — but at the same time BR is making quite sure that there is no "demand" for the service.

The train service over the Primrose Hill line in north London received the same treatment before it closed in late September. With a decent train service, the route — which carried trains running from Watford to Liverpool Street — would have been a useful link between north-west London and the City. A survey by Camden council showed that 68 per cent of commuters at Chalk Farm tube station would have switched to Primrose Hill trains if only BR had provided a proper service. But BR was so keen to close the route it provided just one train a day each way — and it still managed to cancel many of these.

The service used a new link in Hackney built at a cost of £2.5 million in 1985 — one of the precious few rail lines to be constructed in congested London in recent years. It was meant to carry trains previously terminating at Broad Street to Liverpool Street, thereby placating commuters who objected to Broad Street station being demolished to make way for the huge Broadgate development (which generated a handsome windfall for the BR Property Board).

Now cheated commuters have lost both services, and Primrose Hill regulars are forced to use the desperately-overcrowded services on the underground's Northern line.

POLICE

Super sensitive

GIVING the top cop's job in London to a man whose name sounds like "condom" could be seen as part of the Met's "safer policing" strategy. But making Paul Condon commissioner will win Kenneth Clarke few friends among London's ethnic minority communities.

The announcement of his appointment came only days after black community leader Frank Critchlow won £50,000 damages from the Met, whose officers had planted heroin and marijuana on him in May 1988.

The award was the final chapter in a sordid tale of police harassment of Mr Critchlow and the Mangrove, the Notting Hill club on All Saints Road he had run for nearly 30 years. In 1987 and 1988, Condom was deputy assistant commissioner in charge of West London. He instigated the notorious Operation Trident — a Swamp-style rampage by territorial support groups through one of London's most racially-sensitive neighbourhoods. His animus towards the amateurish but well-loved carnival arts committee, organisers of the famous annual street festival, was well known. In 1987, Condom instigated an investigation into alleged financial irregularities in the CAC. Despite spending close on £1 million — including a freebie to Trinidad for a couple of lucky coppers — the inquiry turned up nothing. The rumour and innuendo surrounding it, however, was the death knell for the CAC, which was replaced by the more yuppyish, police-friendly carnival enterprise committee, allowing Condom to implement plans for paramilitary style policing of the carnival.

But it is for his campaign against the Mangrove that Condom will be best-remembered by locals. He often expressed the view that Frank Critchlow and his brother Victor were "too powerful". This can only have encouraged the officers who botched the drugs plant on Frank in 1988.

Small wonder then, that when Condom left the Met to become chief constable of Kent, its ethnic minority recruitment fell to among the lowest in the country.

Gatecrashers

YET another trial of squatters on public order charges has collapsed amid allegations of violence and perjury by Inspector Knacker's men (see *Eye* 791).

The hearing ended after magistrates threw out charges against four people arrested at a party held in a disused bank in London's Mile End Road last February. The four were the last of the 22 arrested that night to appear in court. Their case raises some serious questions about Knacker's behaviour in crashing the party, and about the honesty of police evidence.

Observers were mystified, for example, by the inability of officers to answer simple questions about whether or not they had had lunch with each other to discuss the case.

Only two of the 22 arrested were actually convicted of anything. Many of those acquitted — one of whom may be left permanently disabled by an injury to his leg — are now planning to sue the police.

OLYMPIC GAMES

Out of the running

WITH a year to go before the International Olympic Committee chooses the hosts for the 2000 games, Manchester has blown its chances, thanks to its desperation to appease local business interests and a monumental PR blunder by the city council's Labour leader Graham Stringer.

Despite lining up an impressive panel of heavyweight architects to oversee its Olympic design strategy, Manchester has announced that property developers and speculators will have greater priority than designers in shaping the Olympic buildings that are set to go up even if the city's bid is unsuccessful.

This revelation has outraged the panel, which included no less than Sir Richard Rogers, Manchester-born Sir Norman Foster, Kenzo Tange (designer of Tokyo's 1964 Olympic stadium) and the American firm Skidmore, Owings, Merrill.

Ready to accept Manchester's claims that it wants to be a "major European city" the architectural teams awaited news that the city would hold an open competition to choose the best design. Instead, Manchester has announced that it is looking for a "development opportunity" — whoever can put up the cheapest buildings will win.

Council leader Graham Stringer, never the most astute politician, has dug Manchester's grave deeper by announcing that his bid team is "not interested in arguments about aesthetics... it is not something that should concern the people of Manchester."

Stringer's view confirms Manchester's international reputation as second-rate cheapskates. With the November 16 deadline for entries approaching fast Kenzo Tange and Richard Rogers have pulled out. Tange has slammed the 12-week deadline for entries as ludicrous — "we have a world reputation to keep" — and Rogers has attacked Manchester's approach as "tacky... with no room to do anything worthwhile."

Both were confounded by Manchester's desperation to link the Olympic building work with the regeneration of the massive East Manchester industrial wasteland. But why has left-wing Manchester thrown itself at the mercy of the once-dreaded property speculators and developers?

Even though John Major handed the Manchester bid over £100 million of taxpayers' money last year, it is not enough. Manchester needs a sugar-daddy to rival Mercedes, for instance, who are behind Berlin's bid. Unfortunately, Rolls-Royce, founded locally, is long gone: enter the Manchester Ship Canal Company, Manchester's fastest-growing property firm, run by entrepreneur extraordinaire John Whittaker (*Eyes* passim). Whittaker sits on the Manchester 2000 committee. And he wants to make money, not build post-modern design palaces.

For the last five years the city council and the Ship Canal company have carved up much Manchester land for redevelopment, especially in east Manchester, thanks to a deal they made in 1987 when Whittaker controversially bought out the city's historic stake in the canal in exchange for money to help redevelop east Manchester.

No sooner had the last legal objections to Whittaker's canal company takeover disappeared than the council (not the bid committee, note) announced that the Olympic sites were moving east as well.

Interestingly enough, for Manchester's unsuccessful bid to stage the 1996 Games, the chosen site was a sewage works five miles outside the city, on the banks of the canal, and owned by the canal company — right next to where John Whittaker wants to build a gigantic 300-acre US-style "shopping city".

SOCCER

Dein machine

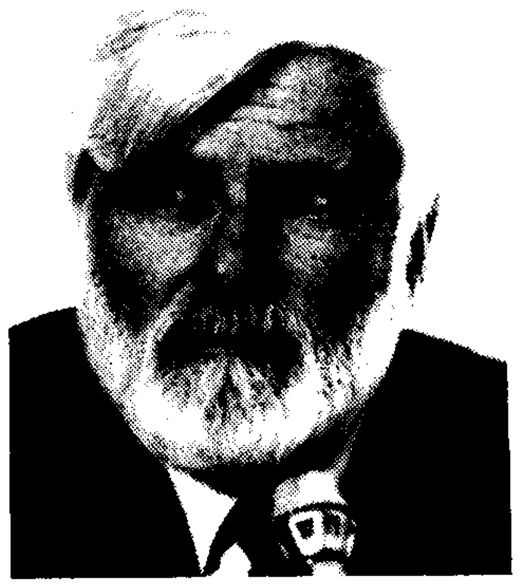
THE PREMIER League, the "organisation that aims to take football into the 21st century", on which BSkyB has staked much of its future, is in danger of tearing itself apart.

David Dein, the Arsenal vice-chairman and architect of the Premier League, has caused so much friction behind the scenes that the other chairmen are considering walking out on any meetings with him and banning him from their grounds. Some have even discussed throwing Arsenal out of the League.

Dein has been fingered as the one who instigated an "elite" group of eight clubs within the 22. This group constitutes over a third of the vote and can block any proposal it doesn't like. It did so over a sponsorship deal which would have brought many of the poorer clubs much-needed cash — yet sewed up a lucrative deal for the Big Eight.

Ron Noades of Crystal Palace has urged other clubs to have no dealings with Arsenal, while Ken Bates of Chelsea has taken to public denunciations of him in his club's programme. Chelsea fans were treated to a blistering attack on him recently, where references abounded to "smart-assed, get-rich-quick spivs", "arrogant chairmen" with "inferiority complexes" etc.

The next programme carried an account of Dein's relationship with Cabra Estates, the property company. Bates alleges that Dein presented himself as an "honest broker" between Cabra and Chelsea, who at the time were trying to buy their lease for Stamford Bridge from Cabra. But Dein had previously received a fee from Cabra for giving evidence on their behalf against Fulham. In that case, presenting himself as "an avid football fan", he had argued at a public inquiry that Fulham's best interests were served by quitting their ground, which Cabra would subsequently build over. According to Bates, Cabra then claimed that Dein asked for a "performance/retainer fee" to be the "honest broker" between Bates and Cabra. Dein's "advice" to Bates



Master Bates: Chelsea programme talked of "smart-assed, get-rich-quick spivs"

was that Chelsea should quit the Bridge — leaving Cabra with a prime site in west London. Bates declined his generous offer. "Dein", says Bates, "is a deep man and not easily understood."

Despite the controversial material Bates has been writing, not a word has been heard from Dein. Strange, when he has a Maxwell-like reputation (indeed he uses the same law firm) for firing off libel actions at the drop of a hat. Recently he sued one of his own club's fanzines over a matter which seems utterly trivial compared to Bates's allegations. The fanzine could not afford to defend itself. Bates can.

Dein, of course, is also responsible for the much-derided and failing Arsenal bond scheme. Because of fans' somewhat understandable reluctance to invest £1,500 for the dubious privilege of getting a season ticket (when they used to get them by simply going on a waiting list), the Bank of Scotland, which underwrote the scheme, looks set to end up with 9,000 debentures (rights to seats) for Arsenal FC.

Rick Parry, the hapless chief executive of the Premier League, charged with presenting a unified front to the media, is clearly feeling the strain. He has said: "When you are up to your neck in alligators it's difficult to remember you were there to drain the swamp."

With all this in mind, BSkyB may have more chance of selling dishes should they concentrate their cameras on the chairmen's meetings rather than the cloggers on the pitch.

In the City

WHAT is in a name? A great deal of embarrassment it would seem if you are the directors of Consumer, Sport and Business Magazine publishers Harrington Kilbride, which came to the Stock Market last December. For it seems that an unfortunate confusion has arisen concerning one of the company's largest shareholders, Raymond Brown, who acts as a consultant to the group.

Brown was the one-time sales and marketing director of Harrington Kilbride. That is, until plans were made for a flotation. Initially, it had been intended to float the company in late 1989, but this was aborted for unexplained reasons. Two years later the flotation was on again, but this time with different advisors — brokers Smith New Court were replaced by rivals Beeson Gregory.

Meantime, in December 1990, Brown stepped down from the Board, swapping his director's position for a three year consultancy agreement at £85,000 a year. He also agreed not to compete with the company for a year after that agreement ended. Only managing director Kevin Harrington was considered sufficiently valuable among the directors to necessitate a similar agreement.

Brown also agreed to reduce his shareholding from 40% to 25% and subsequently to its present 7% level. He realised £1.5 million for these shares prior to the flotation, but still remained the second largest shareholder with a stake worth £1,150,000.

Why Harrington Kilbride should have decided to so distance itself from such an important company asset as Raymond Brown — and why Brown should have decided to leave the Board and reduce his share stake — again went unexplained.

But there are those malicious and inaccurate gossip-mongers who suggest an explanation which is clearly incorrect. That relates to events concerning another Raymond Brown who, by remarkable coincidence, like the one from Harrington Kilbride, is aged 45 and also lived in Woodford, Essex.

This other Raymond Brown was described as a "brazen" swindler when he was jailed for three years in 1981 after being convicted of conspiracy to defraud for his leading role in a high pressure selling operation which persuaded unwilling customers by "lies, deceit and tricks" to buy huge amounts of unwanted carbon paper and other stationery. The victims, who lost some £250,000, even included Scotland Yard, which was conned out of £3,000. Gullible office workers, tricked into accepting deliveries which would have lasted hundreds of years, resorted to hiding the unwanted sticky or carbon paper or forging signatures to cover up the payments. One of this Brown's co-defendants had pleaded guilty to a similar fraud six years earlier.

There is obviously no connection between the two Browns and, therefore, quite clearly the arrangements entered into between Harrington Kilbride and its former sales director prior to the flotation have no relation to the 1981 conviction of the other Raymond Brown.

THE Serious Fraud Office investigation into the manipulation of European Leisure's share price has discovered that certain off-shore individuals were paid to act as nominees in purchasing shares with money provided for the purpose. In one case a Jersey taxi driver was paid £10,000 and given £100,000 with which to purchase shares at the time of European's bid for Midsummer Leisure. Proving just who was behind this operation, however, is another matter.

DENIS Thatcher's business buddies at waste disposal group Attwoods are making colourful connections again in their Florida operation. Attwoods have hooked up with the son of the most influential Cuban American, Jorge Mas Canosa, in a bid to win a $200m contract to remove the wreckage caused by Hurricane Andrew. Canosa is a highly controversial figure who has been the subject of criticism for his authoritarian actions by the human rights group Americas Watch and in a recent American TV documentary. Mr Canosa does not like critics and has been accused by those who dislike him of employing detectives to investigate them. He is, however, incredibly influential in Washington as well as Florida. Well, at least it makes a change from the men with a fondness for spaghetti.

THE *Sunset Times* attempted to reassure City readers that their Sunday favourite had not entirely abandoned fact and accuracy after the correction to end all corrections which followed the record number of mistakes in its attack last month on the "glittering rises" of company bosses by announcing the summary execution of the hacks responsible. But while the glittering fiasco of the not so greedy bosses — never have so many suits been wronged by one article — is in a class of its own, it is hard to take seriously the declaration that journalistic standards of accuracy and judgement will now be ensured by the deputy editor Ivan Fallon and his senior underling. Fallon was responsible for the *Sunset Times*'s relentless championing of the Saatchis (like Sir James Goldsmith, the subject of a Fallon hagiography) who barely survived their own megolamania; Ernest Saunders, who did not survive his, but did triumph over Altzheimer's Disease; and Mohammed Fayed, who survived being exposed as a phoney Pharaoh by the Department of Trade and Industry. Such was the embarrassment in Wapping over Saunders and Fayed that Fallon was forced into publicly explaining/ recounting his errors.

Under Fallon, in charge of the fact patrol, will no doubt be City Editor Jeff Randall whose list of favourites to receive *Sunset Times* backing and ever so friendly coverage include: Philip Green (forced out of Amber Day), George Walker (forced out of Brent Walker and towards the SFO), Roger Levitt (bankrupt and awaiting trial), Stephen Forsyth (forced out of Leisure Investments) and Max Kingsley (forced out of London Clubs).

Clearly *Sunday Times* readers can rest assured there will be no further mistakes with Fallon and Randall on the case.

THE new Wapping Temple of Accuracy might like to take a look at its glowing endorsement in September of a business expansion scheme involving repossessed properties claiming to offer 20% tax free in a year promoted by financial advisers Johnson Fry. What the *Sunset Times* did not report was that City watchdog FIMBRA has been investigating complaints from investors in two earlier Johnson Fry BES offerings. The Fantom and Fast venture capital funds launched in 1988 and 1989 have suffered heavy losses, wiping out much of the near £10m invested. Investors have complained of misleading statements and poor management by Johnson Fry.

THE recent arrest of former Maxwell finance director Robert Bunn has once again raised questions as to who is and who is not cutting deals with the SFO to co-operate in return for staying out of the slammer. No move has yet been made to charge such key figures as Michael Stoney and Alan Stephens, raising questions as to their likely roles at the trial of Kevin and Ian Maxwell.

The Kevin Maxwell PR offensive meanwhile continues. A photo opportunity outside the No Job Centre was followed by news of a planned book on the traumas of bankruptcy and the obtaining of legal aid. So the tax payer will now pick up the multi-million tab, thereby removing the financial strain from his ageing mother and those mysterious off-shore trust funds.

While an inevitable consequence of Kevin Maxwell's bankruptcy and highly reassuring for his battery of legal advisers, the legal aid decision is hardly likely to thrill the Maxwell pension victims. It is to be hoped somebody somewhere is keeping a close eye on legal expenses now that the public is paying. Especially as no trial is likely before 1994 and the trial itself will, by usual Serious Farce Office standards, last months not weeks.

Meanwhile, how long will it be before the sympathetic interviews start appearing about how Kevin and Pandora are bravely struggling on with their happy family and how desperate attempts were made to control the domineering, tyrannical and devious Cap'n Bob in order to save the pensioners' money?

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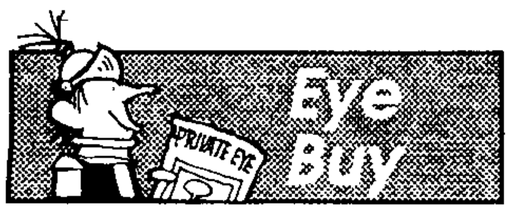

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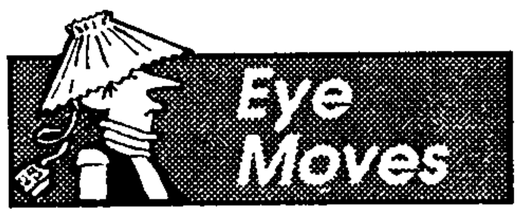

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CAN YOU HELP? Impecunious disabled thalidomide man needs £3,000. Verifiable. Box 8206.

YOUNG FEMALE needs £2,000 to repair cottage, donations, suggestions gratefully acknowledged. Genuine. Please please help. Box 0806.

YOUNG FILM STUDENT desperately seeks minimum subsistence for 8 months. Please, please. 0272 550467.

PENNY FOR the guy, please! Box 0906.

MUSIC STUDENT requires funds to complete final year BA. Box 1006.

SICK OF BEING poor. Please help. No donation too large or small. Box 1106.

FEMALE STUDENT desperately requires £5,000 to continue research. Box 1206.

TWO "TALENTED" law students with poor parents seek funding to train as barristers. Box 1306.

LAMONT STYLE financial management — therefore £10,000 needed urgently to clear debts. Box 3105.

BETWEEN ROCK and very hard place. £5,000 would greatly soften blow. Sponsors attach as many strings as see fit. Box 8706.

FILM STUDENT needs £1,000 to complete graduation film. All donors receive credit. Box 8806.

DESPITE STRICT budgeting debts mount. £3,000 urgently needed to clear. Box 8906.

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SEXY, AMUSING, intelligent men wanted for dinner parties with single women. 071-629 5534.

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I AM 39, TALL, slim, well-off, kind, generous, prone to falling in love, looking for slim girl with nice eyes and legs to help me settle down and stop wasting money enjoying myself. Box 5206.

MALE, LONDON, 48, no ties, ex large corporations, no own small business, 5'11", slim, fit, educated (sorry but this is after all an advertisement), varied interests and wants to share the good things of life with attractive, intelligent, independent-minded female. Box 5306.

SMUGGLER, 36, nearing release, seeks lady as friend, mistress, life partner, regardless of her past, for a very different life. Box 5406.

UNATTACHED LONDON chap, 37, 6'2", good looking, slim, educated, professional and fun, seeking no holds barred, steamy encounters with gorgeous, slender, sexy soulmate. Box 5506.

GENTLE YORKSHIREWOMAN 32, sometimes thinks wistfully of warm, funny, brainy man with whom to share walks, talks, books, Bach and delights of South Pennines in winter. Long letter first please. Box 5606.

EDINBURGH FEMALE (30) intelligent, accomplished, attractive, professional, seeks light-hearted, serious-minded male company (30ish) to disrupt a life of work, more work, girlfriends and the gym. Box 5806.

LAWYER, FIFTIES, seeks younger professional girl for wining, dining and loving. Central London. Box 5706.

GIGOLOS, TOY-BOYS, men who say "My wife doesn't understand me" unwanted: Widow, 56, has had her fill of these! Genuine man appreciative of lady 5'6" slim, fun, professional, Londoner, wanted. Exchange photos? Box 5906.

PROFESSIONAL MALE (divorced) 6'0" slim, looking for n/s (slim) mid-30s female with style and warmth to share interesting and independent lifestyle. Main business interests Yorkshire, NE, Cumbria, Southern Scotland. Box 6006.

CHESHIRE MALE single 5'11" company director with wide variety of interests seeks attractive intelligent humorous female 24-34 for friendship maybe long term relationship any nationality. Photo appreciated. Box 6106.

SOUTH MANCHESTER MAN, married, 40, non-smoker seeks similar woman for wild affair. Discretion and lust assured. Box 6206.

CHELSEA BACHELOR, 62, non-smoking, non-racist, nearly six foot, imposing follicle-free head, interested art politics urban tourism and dining out inexpensively, seeks brainy beauty under 55. Box 6306.

UNPIGEONHOLED MALE 48 married seeks lady for discreet relationship. Plenty of interesting socialising offered. Take the plunge now. Box 6406.

SEXY, ATTRACTIVE, 25+, bored, married, horny femaly Midlander? Write similar male! Photo? Box 6506.

BRITISH EXECUTIVE 50 based overseas seeks intelligent correspondence with younger unattached woman and accommodation/close companionship on trips to UK. Kind generous humorous, a "nice guy", children no problem. Photo appreciated. Box 6606.

FEMALE CANCERIAN RAT (1948) with amassed furniture seeks male Taurean Rat/Dragon with empty house. Box 6706.

WEST KENT. Tall divorced man, 51, n/s, loves Mahler, theatre, cricket, seeks woman for lasting relationship. Box 6806.

IMAGINATIVE AMERICAN male, 44, cultured but very physical, seeks an especially limber, healthy female animal for frisky, good-natured play. Box 6906.

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PROFESSIONAL MAN 33 single, sincere, intelligent but not intellectual (juvenile sense of humour) into classical music, food, drink, travel, seeks lady (fellow Rossinian perhaps) for... let's see. Photo please. London. Box 1706.

ECCENTRIC FIRE-LOVING Sir Galahad in modest castle bored with endless pretty teenagers awaits wise woman. Your portrait a must, smokers, the tone-deaf and witches need not apply. Box 1806.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 32, affectionate, well-travelled, London based, enjoys books, classical music, walking, conversation, seeks man, 30s, with brains and integrity for long-term relationship. Box 1906.

HANDSOME AMUSING tall upper class chappy 35 with PHD seeks beautiful girl with brains, red nails and a XXX like a peach. Box 2006.

ATTRACTIVE SOPHISTICATED professional seeks liaison with beautiful sensuous intelligent lady 28-45, n/s. Photo please. Box 2106.

MALE MEDIC, young 35, occasionally serious, always optimistic, heart hair and humour intact despite separation, seeks kind interesting lady 24-36 for friendship, lightness and amusing adventures. Surrey/Hants/E. Dorset. Box 2206.

ISABELLA ROSSELINI (or equivalent) 25-35 sought by educated yet hedonistic male, 30, for toe-sucking extravaganza. E.Mids. Photo appreciated. Box 2306.

GREEN-EYED ELIZABETH Bennet, 27, seeks tall handsome Darcy for romantic escapades in town and country. London. Box 2406.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL male, 40, successful, easy-going, nice-looking, funny, gentle, seeks slim attractive woman for sexy, relaxed, affectionate fun times. Not necessarily looking for commitment, just enjoyment. Photo please. London/South. Box 2506.

TWO (WILD) ATTRACTIVE women seek fun nights out with unattached (wicked) men. East Midlands. Photos appreciated. Box 2606.

UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY to acquire tall, slim, fair-haired, single, male barrister (31) with the usual attributes but, in particular and without prejudice to the generality of the foregoing, warmth, wit, charm, a passion for romance and fun. Box 2706.

PETERBOROUGH: Blonde, 25, 5ft 7in, considered attractive, witty, varied interests include cats, swimming, the supernatural, collecting minerals, music (especially Def Leppard and Mozart)! Seeks intelligent, humorous, professional man for friendship and social outings. Box 11106.

VERY SPECIAL MAN (31) seeking very special woman (25+) for mutual confirmation. Box 2906.

CANDELIT DINNERS and being treated as a lady? Intelligent, sensitive, attractive, tall late 30s Bristol based man seeks a younger woman to spoil and pamper. If you too are looking for someone who will be loyal, loving and fun to be with, please send a photo, phone no. and a letter which I promise to answer. What can you possibly lose? Only an evening in front of the TV! Box 3006.

INDEPENDENT PROFESSIONAL male early 40s leftish n/s SOH pop/rock fan sporting enthusiast — to fight flab due to food-drink indulgences — seeks female to be friend and lover. Surrey/Sussex. Details and photo Box 3306.

I'M A BRIGHT, beautiful, musical lady, over 40 and very much alive. Being single just isn't fun. Is there an educated gentleman somewhere who feels the same? London, S/East. Box 3406.

DYNAMIC DIRECTOR 33, divorced (innocent party) seeks slim attractive young lady 25-35 to share wining, dining, walking and cuddles then perhaps the future? Shropshire, West Mids. Photo appreciated. Box 3506.

PROFESSIONAL IRISHMAN married 40 seeks lady from N. Ireland or UK for fun etc. Detailed letter appreciated from fun-loving lady. Freedom to travel or make discreet arrangements an advantage. Box 3606.

ARE YOU A LADY lost in Leicestershire. Fortyish? For 18p I'll find you if you write to Box 3706.

DIVORCED MALE 43 n/s medium build 6ft likes laughter, music, antiques, culture, Radio 3, places of interest etc. seeks slim intelligent lady for permanent relationship. Photo with serious replies. N/W, anywhere. Box 3806.

FLOPPY-FRINGED Cambridge graduate, 25, male, North London, pretty, vacant, needs girl with suede jacket and DMs for unknown pleasures. Box 3906.

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN, handsome, intelligent, close 40, n/s. Enjoys life, work, good conversation. Ladies seeking love and companionship, please reply. London/Surrey. Box 4006.

TALL SLIM NOT SO furry animal from Alpha Centauri (38) seeks lonely Trillion. Brighton Nebula. Box 4106.

IT'S A CRIME! Dangerously beautiful, intelligent girl still on the loose; would surrender to powerful chap (policeman ideal!) about 30(ish) with huge sense of humour! Photofit please (Norwich). Box 4206.

HAPPY HEALTHY unattached male seeks sporty real ale nymphomaniac 16-45. Photo appreciated. Box 4306.

FRIENDLY MAN, 31, interests art, history, science, music; adequate cook and masseur; seeks girlfriend in Central/East London. Box 4406.

SOPHISTICATED SLIM successful brunette 36 based Brussels, home Cambs, seeks sincere single affluent man for fun and romance. Box 4506.

THOROUGHBRED STALLION seeks frisky mare for midnight gallops. Photo guarantees reply. Box 4606.

BOLLOCKS TO IT. Sick of the dating bullshit? I'm 29, great looking. If you are stunning, clinically insane, female, take a chance. Photo/leter vital. North West. Box 4706.

STYLISH BRUNETTE with long legs 40+ seeks tall interesting unmarried non-alcoholic caring guy London/South East, accomplished, preferably wealthy, who loves country/town life, animals, travel, the arts. Sophisticated, fun and looks good in jeans. Box 3206.

CARING MALE, 44, Essex based, seeks female companion. I'm tall and like music, reading, walking and good conversation. Children and animals welcome. Please write to Box 4906.

INTELLIGENT NON-BASTARD (but could negotiate), 33, solvent but not stinking, seeks a gentle, brainy, self-willed, active beauty. No smoking or formalised religion. Photo appreciated and returned. S/SE. Box 5006.

SENSUAL, SOPHISTICATED siren (34) sublimely shapely, savours salmon, Sauvignon and Sibelius seeks seriously solvent soulmate to share stylish and scintillating scenarios. Photo please. Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Box 7006.

BRIGHTON: LIVELY lady 40 seeks male to enhance social life. Box 3106.

Our apologies! There is still a slight delay before your Eye Love ad can be published due to the enormous demand of these exclusive, funny, highly successful and popular ads.

GALLANT KNIGHT sought by workaholic maiden, 34, for opera, theatre, tennis, walking, good food. Must be humorous, n/s, unattached. Bristol. Photo and phone please. Box 4806.

MISANTHROPIST, 39, looking for non-neurotic, non-spoilt middle-class woman who thinks life is funny, work is hard, dreams are everything. London area. No Private Eye readers. Box 7106.

MALE GRADUATE, 38, attractive, seeks intelligent, educated, attractive, n/s lady, 28-38. Photo appreciated. London. Box 7206.

FUN FIT CARING single professional male (28) seeks similar female for lasting relationship. Box 7306.

OLDER MEN SOUGHT by two beautiful witty outrageous and totally modest undergraduates. Cambridge/London. Box 7406.

MAN, 28, SMALL, attractive, cerebral, kind, funny, professional, artistic, seeks similar woman, 20s(ish) for serious relationship. London. Box 7506.

ROMANTIC MALE graduate, 32, seeks vivacious intelligent lady with broad sense of humour, 25-35. Box 7606.

40s MAN LIKES to meet neurotic/nervous woman for inspiration (discreetly). Box 7706.

ARE YOU HONESTLY a really good looking girl? If you are and are not uncomfortable with moderate wealth, not hung up and don't whinge — let me know! I'm 34, single, genuinely attractive and live in West London. You must love dogs and be under 31. Please enclose an untouched recent photograph of yourself with details. Box 7806.

INTREPID ARMY OFFICER (25) on operational tour until spring would appreciate female correspondence to distract his attention. Dinner on return? Box 7906.

ATTRACTIVE SLIM upmarket woman 35, seeks tall dashing handsome well travelled man for longterm discreet relationship. Gloucestershire. Box 9206.

HAVE PENIS. Will travel. Box 9306.

SLIM ATTRACTIVE professional female, 28, seeks intelligent, affectionate male. London/SE. Box 9406.

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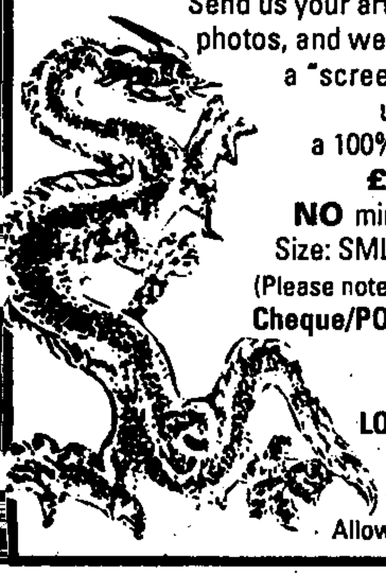

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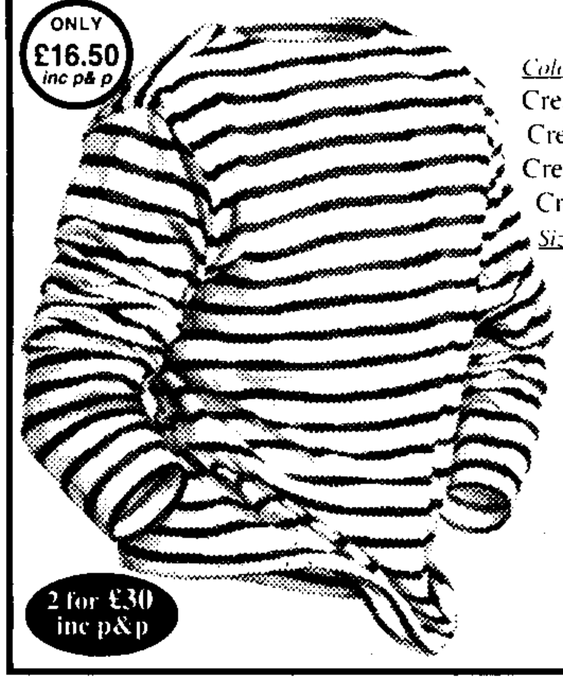

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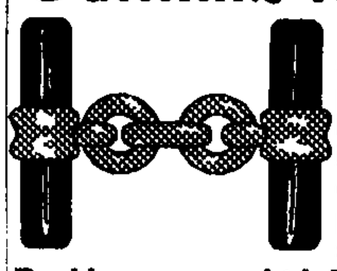

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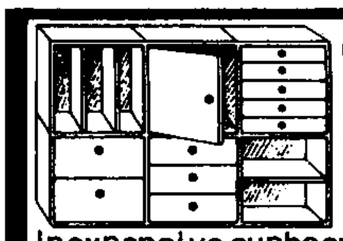

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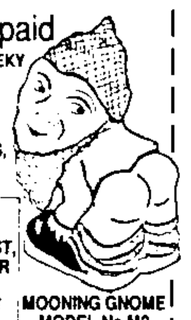

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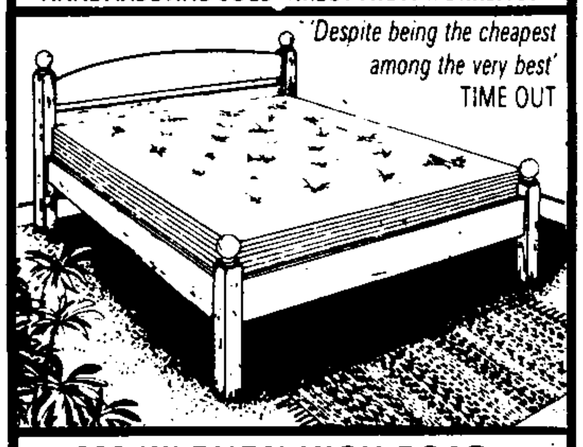

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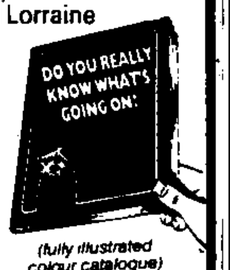

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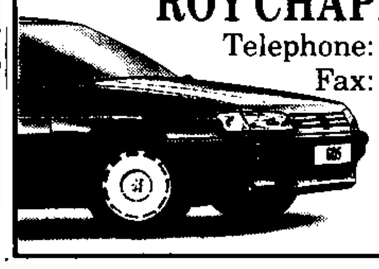

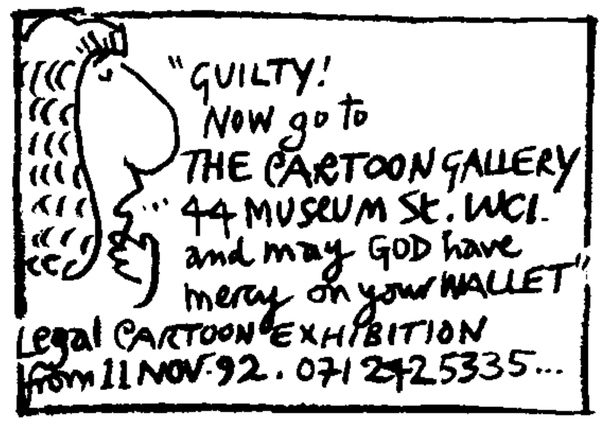

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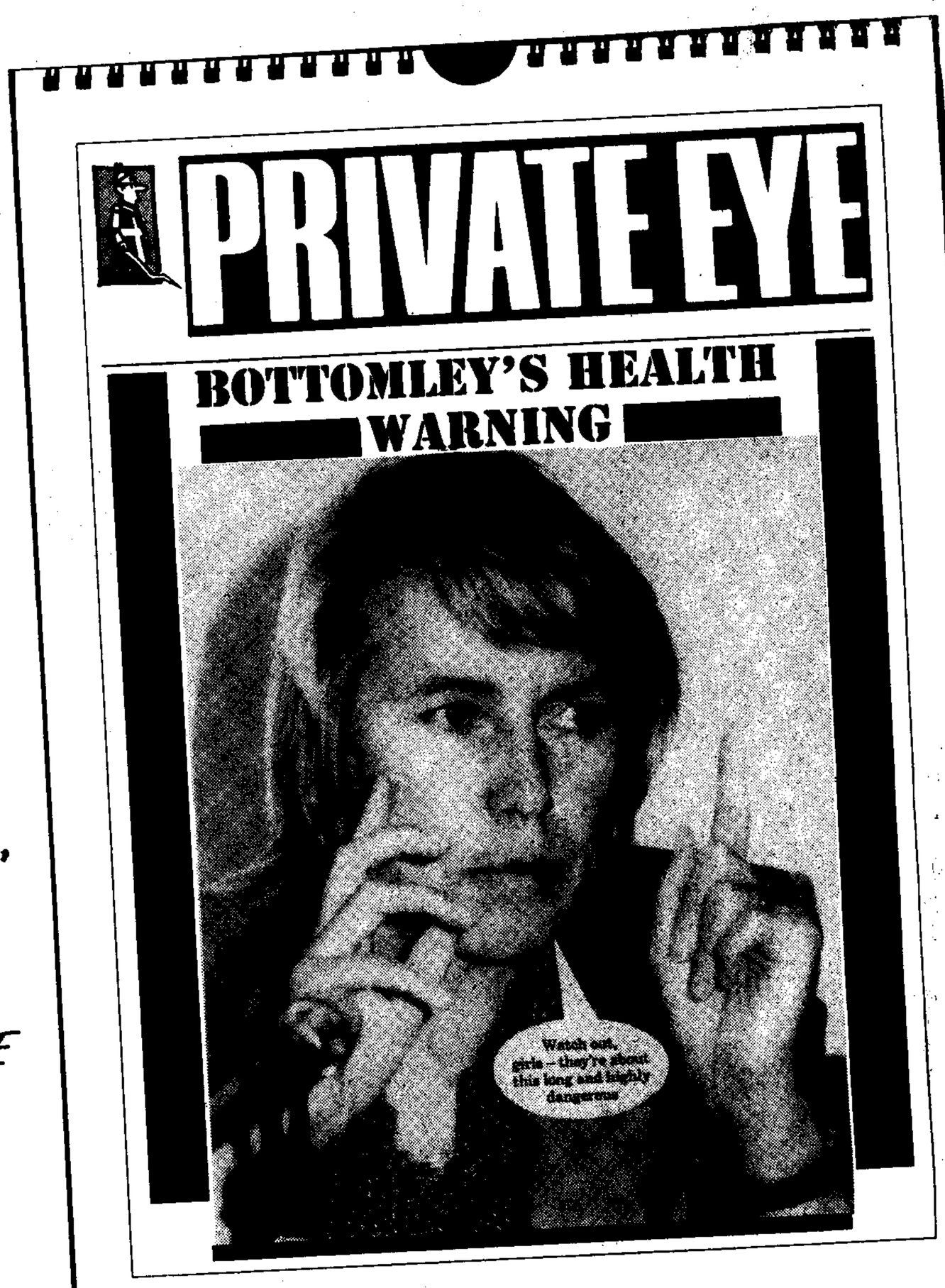
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